McKean County Miner.

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LAWN TENNIS TROPHIES GO TO SMETHPORT

Our Teams Defeat All Comers in Doubles at Oil City.

BROWNELL BROS. WIN THE CUP

Redfield and Lyle Get the Runners-Up Cup—Lyle and Brownell Were Both Defeated in the Singles in the Third Round — Smethport Players are Highly Pleased With Tournament and Entertainment.

Again the Smethport Lawn Tennis Club took high honors in the annual tournament of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis association, by winning the much coveted silver cup in the doubles. They not only won the cup after defeating all others in the tournament but had to fight out the deciding contest between themselves. Brownell and Brownell winning in a four-set match.

In the singles Theron Lyle was put out in the third round by Lane, of Lock Haven, who was the winner of the Singles Cup, and Howard Brownell was defeated in the fourth round by Jeffs, of Erie.

The Smethport players are highly pleased with the tournament and the entertainment furnished by the members of the association and the people of Oil City. The following account of the games and comments on the Smethport players is taken from the Oil City Derrick of Friday and Saturday:

Championship Doubles, Semi-Finals—Brownell and Brownell, Smethport, defeated Lane and Armstrong, Lock Haven, 7-5, 6-4.

Lyle and Redfield, Smethport, defeated Shickler and Meyer, Erie, 6-1, 6-4.

Championship Singles, Third Round—Quigley, Lock Haven, defeated Darr, Rockwood, 4-6, 6-2, 7-5.

Lane, Lock Haven, defeated Lyle, Smethport, 6-3, 6-4.

Jeffs, Erie, defeated Mackey, Franklin, 6-4, 6-3.

Championship Singles Fourth Round—Stewart, Oil City, defeated Quigley, Lock Haven, 1-6, 6-4, 7-5.

Lane, Lock Haven, defeated C. Merrill, New Castle, 6-3, 6-1.

Jeffs, Erie, defeated Brownell, Smethport, 7-5, 6-4.

D. W. Grant, Franklin, defeated Thompson, Oil City, 7-5, 6-2.

Consolation Doubles, Semi-Finals—Jeffs and Hertzler, Erie, defeated Darr and Carlon, Rockwood, 6-1, 6-2.

Parker and Stewart, Oil City, defeated McCormick and Quigley, Lock Haven, 6-3, 6-2.

Consolation Singles, Semi-Finals.—Armstrong, Lock Haven, defeated Arnold, St. Marys, 10-8, 6-3.

Perry, Oil City, defeated Hertzler, Erie, 6-2, 2-6, 6-2.

The defeat of the strong Lock Haven team, Lane and Armstrong, by the Brownell Brothers, was unexpected. The match was fast and closely contested from start to finish, the victory of the Smethport team being due principally to their superior team work, as there was little to choose between the merits of the individual players, although perhaps Lane, of Lock Haven, was the strongest of the four.

Championship Doubles, Finals—Brownell and Brownell, Smethport, defeated Lyle and Redfield, of the same town, 3-6, 6-2, 6-1.

Championship Singles, Semi-Final—Lane, Lock Haven, defeated Stewart, Oil City, 6-0, 6-2. D. W. Grant, Franklin, defeated Jeffs, Erie, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2.

Championship Singles, Finals—Lane, Lock Haven, defeated D. W. Grant, Franklin, 5-7, 6-2, 4-6, 6-1, 6-4.

Consolation Doubles, Finals—Jeffs and Hertzler, Erie, defeated Parker and Stewart, Oil City, 8-6, 6-4, 6-8, 6-4.

Consolation Singles, Finals—Armstrong, Lock Haven, defeated Perry, Oil City, 8-6, 6-1, 5-7, 7-5.

The final matches provided plenty of excitement for the large gallery which filled the grandstand and other points of vantage. The Brownell Brothers won rather easily from their fellow-townsmen in the championship doubles, and immediately after the match Miss Helen Steele presented the winners with the association cup and the losers with the two runner-up cups. The semi-finals in the championship singles resulted as expected.

Denison Grant proved a very difficult proposition for Lane who had to extend himself to the limit and go the full five sets to win. Both men play beautifully, Grant being superior at the net, and Lane better in covering court and passing. Miss Mabel White presented Lane with the association cup and the Oil City Derrick cup, and Grant with the Oil City Blizzard runner-up cup.

Jeffs and Hertzler had no easy task in defeating Parker and Stewart, but finally won out and were presented with their cups by Miss Helen Steele.

The result of the Armstrong-Perry match was a surprise to all, including the winner, as Perry was considered the superior player. The latter was perhaps a shade under his best form while Armstrong showed great skill in making deep, hard ground strokes close to the side line. His victory was well earned, Perry playing hard from beginning to end. Miss Myra Splane presented the winner with the Venango Herald cup, offered for this event.

FIREMEN'S CONVENTION.

A Big Time Was Had at Port Allegany Thursday and Friday.

The fourth annual meeting of the McKean County Volunteer Firemen's association which was held in Port Allegany last Thursday and Friday was a decided success in every way. The promoters were favored with good weather and good crowds and everybody was satisfied.

The banquet given to the delegates at the Butler House Thursday evening after the business session was one of the best it has been our good fortune to attend in a long time. Speeches relating to firemen and fire fighting organizations were made by a number present, among whom were James Gleason of DuBois, Democratic candidate for Congress in this district, and Sheridan Gorton, of this place. Both are enthusiastic firemen and excellent after-dinner speakers and their addresses were unusually well received. C. S. King acted as toastmaster and Rev. Cady delivered the welcome to the firemen and in these gentlemen there is a pair that is hard to beat, and it is needless to say that they made the guests feel perfectly at home.

The parade on Friday was far above the average, Smethport giving a good account of themselves, both in firemen and band. Mt. Jewett and Kane came in for most of the prizes in the racing contests, Mt. Jewett drawing the long end of the money. The Smethport Male Quartet made a big hit Friday evening with their singing in the band stand in the public square.

The fifth annual convention will be held at Mt. Jewett next year.

BASEBALL FOR SMETHPORT.

M. J. Clark, of Butler, Pa., has been here most of the week looking over the ground with a view of taking the management of the Smethport baseball team for the balance of the season, and if Mr. Clark decides to stay here we are confident that he will give us some of the best baseball Smethport has seen in years.

Mr. Clark has had the management of a number of professional and semi-professional teams and he says he feels confident that he and his team can revive the interest in baseball in Smethport to make the plan a go. He has six or seven professional players that will come with him if he wants them and with his selection from these men together with local players he can have a team that will make all of the nearby towns go some if they get away with anything like their share of the games for the balance of the season.

Among the players that he has in view are Daniel Kellar, who has been with the Tri-State League and other minor leagues; Tommy Berkle, of Pittsburgh; James Dolan, a pitcher of Warren; Andy Halahan, of Tidioute; Mike O'Neil, a pitcher from Niagara University and the New York State League; Vincient Rogers, of the Virginia State League, and Richard Larson, of Warren. A team selected from these men and the best of our local players would give us good sport and we hope he will decide to give it a fair trial, feeling confident that Smethport fans will patronize the home games liberally.

HORSES FOR SALE.

At Palmer's Livery. 8 general purpose Horses. 1 1200 black worker. 1 800 branded mare. All good age and ready to do business, and prices are right. A. T. PALMER,
Aug. 15—3t Smethport, Pa.

HUBBARD-KEARNEY NUPTIALS.

Two Well-Known Smethport People Married Monday Morning.

On Monday morning, August 19, 1912, at 8 o'clock, at St. Elizabeth's church, Mr. S. W. Hubbard and Miss Ida Kearney, both of this place, were united in marriage by Rev. J. F. Dugan, pastor of that church.

The ceremony was performed in the presence of only a few friends of the bride and groom, after the Nuptial Mass was performed. Miss Rose Kearney, of Erie, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Frank Fay, of Keating township, acted as best man.

Immediately after the ceremony Mr and Mrs. Hubbard repaired to St. Elizabeth's parochial residence where a wedding breakfast had been prepared for them and a few friends. The out-of-town guests were Rev. F. S. Doyle and Miss Margaret Kigh of Sartwell, and Miss Rose Kearney of Erie. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard left for a short honeymoon trip to Erie and Meadville, after which they will be at home to their many friends at their home on King street, this borough.

Mr. Hubbard holds a responsible position with the Smethport Gas company and Miss Kearney has been house keeper for Rev. Dugan since he came to this parish several years ago. Both have a host of friends in Smethport and vicinity who wish them a long and happy married life.

THE REPUBLICAN RESPONSIBLE

Pretty Romance Between Former Kane Girl and Mt. Jewett Man.

The Kane Republican says: A year ago last July, George H. Mell, of this place, received an interesting descriptive letter from his nephew, Fuller McClellan, son of Editor Tom McClellan, of the Mt. Jewett Herald, who had journeyed from the east to California. The letter was published in the Republican. The young man, by occupation, is a telegraph operator and at that time was holding down a position in a railroad office and described his trip to the west and the country in general.

The letter attracted the attention of Miss Sadie Latshaw, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Latshaw, who were residing here at that time, but have since taken up their residence in Warren. She was interested in the contribution and wrote to the said young man, complimenting him. This led up to a regular correspondence, which had a romantic ending. Mr. McClellan a few months ago came to Mt. Jewett and secured a position with the B., R & P. railroad in the office at that place, and last week when Miss Latshaw visited her sister there, the couple met for the first time.

On Monday they journeyed to the county seat, secured a marriage licence and were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, returning to Mt. Jewett in the evening where they expect to make their home. The young lady is deservedly popular among her friends as is also her husband, and we extend congratulations.

A NEW GAME CLUB.

Cole Creek Hunting and Fishing Club Organized.

A number of sportsmen in Smethport and vicinity have organized a new game club to be known as the Cole Creek Hunting and Fishing club, and have for their officers, D. M. Cooper, president; Geo. W. Brennan, vice-president; C. W. Shattuck, secretary, and W. P. Walsh, treasurer.

This organization has secured a large preserve on Cole Creek comprising several thousand acres which they will post in the near future. One or two hunting camps are already in the course of erection and more will probably follow in the near future.

The club, which is limited to sixty members, starts off with a good membership and has bright prospects of being a very flourishing organization. The land which they have leased comprises some of the best fishing and hunting territory in McKean county.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

WOMAN WANTED.

For general housework, Middle aged woman preferred. Inquire of
M. C. BAIN,
Sheriff's office.

HON. C. W. STONE IS DEAD.

Former Lieut. Governor and Congressman Died Last Thursday.

Warren, Aug. 16.—The Hon. Chas. Warren Stone, one of the best known public men in Pennsylvania, died yesterday morning at his home in this city, after an extended illness, he was aged 69 years.

The Hon. Charles Warren Stone was born in Groton, Mass. He was a son of Warren Fay and Mary Williams Stone, the former of English and the latter of Welch descent. His maternal great grandfather, Jacob Williams, was a revolutionary soldier and his first American ancestor, Thomas Williams, was one of the original proprietors of the town of Groton, Mass., which was settled in 1655, and a reputed relative of Roger Williams, founder of the Rhode Island colony. Mr. Stone's paternal ancestry was intermarried with the families of Warren, Prescott and Greene of heroic revolutionary fame and is traced directly to Simon Stone, who came to this country in the ship "Increase" in 1635 and settled in Watertown, Mass. His early descendants were engaged in the Indian wars.

Mr. Stone's father was a carpenter by trade and an anti-slavery republican. At the presidential election in 1856 he was chosen to serve in the lower house of the Massachusetts state legislature.

Mr. Stone graduated from Williams college in 1863 with the degree of bachelor of arts. He was admitted to the bar in 1866 and soon after began the practice of law in Warren at the same time interesting himself in farming and lumber business. He was elected superintendent of the Warren county schools in 1865. Mr. Stone was elected to the state legislature in 1870 and to the Pennsylvania state senate in 1877. He was chosen lieutenant governor of the state in 1879 serving until 1883. He was secretary of the commonwealth from 1887 to 1890. He was chosen to fill the unexpired term of Congressman Watson, deceased, in 1890, and was re-elected to succeed himself in 1892 and served four successive terms in the lower house where he attained a wide reputation as a wise legislator and a leader both on the floor and in committee.

Among the bodies of which Mr. Stone was an active member might be mentioned the Sons of the Revolution, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, American Historical association and National Geographical society and the Union league.

After quitting the field of politcis Mr. Stone actively engaged in business and was heavily interested in lumbering and other ventures at the time of his last illness.

In speaking of Mr. Stone's death a Bradford man said to an Era representative:

"No citizen of Pennsylvania of this generation will, I believe, be mourned by so many people of this Commonwealth. His acquaintances were his friends, and no public man among his cotemporaries had a larger circle. They were in every walk of life, among the rich and the poor, in the college and in the field.

"He was himself not only a lawyer and a statesman but he was also, at the same time, a farmer and a carpenter. He could touch elbows with his neighbor at manual labor and next day, perchance, preside over the affairs of a railway, or of a manufacturing or mining enterprise, or discharge with unerring fidelity the exacting duties of a private trust.

"Besides, his public services were so varied that, in the course of time, they touched the interests of numerous classes in the community. For he had climbed every official round in the ladder of public preferment from the county superintendency of public instruction to the governorship of the Commonwealth. Hence when he was mentioned for the latter office there was probably no man in any state of the Union better fitted for the governorship of a commonwealth, fitted by education, training, experience and intimate knowledge of the affairs and needs of the various departments of government. But though he was a strong partisan he was not a subservient one. He will be remembered, however, throughout the state as 'Governor Stone,' not merely for the reason that he had chanced to hold the office of lieutenant governor, but rather, also, because in the minds of the people he had deserved the higher title. If his pathway had not been obstructed how different might have been the subsequent history of the Commonwealth!"

Warren, Pa., Aug. 19.—Funeral services in memory of former Lieutenant Governor Charles W. Stone were held at the family residence at 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon with many friends in attendance.

Rev. J. W. Smith, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, conducted a brief and appropriate service and "Abide With Me" was sung as a duet by Miss Ethel McCray and John G. Smith.

The offerings of flowers was especially larage and beautiful, a large number of pieces being sent from out of town.

After the services the remains were taken to their last resting place on Airmont Hill, Mr. Stone's summer residence, and at the request of the deceased, the bearers being Messrs. Ralph and John Stone, W. H. Allen, J. H. DeFreese, H. A. Crary and G. L. Craft. Only members of the family and intimate friends were present at the burial place on the western lope of the hill a few rods back of the log cabin, which was long a favorite place of the deceased. It gives a magnificent view of the hills and the Allegheny river below Warren, where the late Governor Stone was wont to pause so often and view the borough he was all his life so much in love with.

MRS. W. W. BREWER.

Well-Known McKean County Resident Died Last Thursday.

Mrs. W. W. Brewer, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed residents of Mt. Jewett, died at the family home on High street at 1:15 a. m., Thursday, August 15th, in her 70th year.

It is about five years since Mrs. Brewer sustained a serious fall, and while she apparently recovered from the effects of this mishap, the failure of her health in general may be said to date from then. During several months past she has been confined to her bed, first one thing then another appearing to lie at the seat of her trouble, and while every effort has been put forth in the hope of bringing relief, it was all to the above end.

The deceased, whose maiden name was Orpha A. Horner, was the daughter of Timothy A. and Lydia Cease Horner, and was born at Angelica, N. Y., June 22nd, 1843. When but a child her father, who was a millwright by occupation, met his death in accidental manner while erecting a mill at Angelica. Eventually her mother married N. C. Gallup of Norwich, this county, and at the age of 12 years she came with her mother and step-father to this county. On the 9th day of April, 1865, she was united in marriage with William Wallace Brewer, a native and resident of Norwich, and with him established a home there, where they resided for six or seven years when they moved to Ridgway, where they lived for about five years, when they returned to Norwich, remaining there until 1882, when they moved to Mt. Jewett, where they have continued to reside with the exception of a period of about five years spent at Newton, this county.

She is survived by her husband and two daughters: Mrs. Harry Means, of Sandy Lake, Pa., and Miss Hetty, of Mt. Jewett; and two brothers, H. W. Horner of Allegany Springs, and C. H. Horner of Truman, Forest county, Pa., and one half-brother, H. H. Gallup, of Norwich.

Funeral services will be conducted at the home at 6:30 a. m., Saturday, Rev. J. H. McCandless, pastor emeritous of St. Luke's Episcopal church, Smethport, officiating, after which the remains will be escorted to Norwich and there laid to rest in the quiet God's acre, beside those of her friends who have preceded her on the Great Journey.

From the hour of her arrival until the end, Mrs. Brewer has stood as one of the mothers of this community—a mother in that broader sense which includes the poor and friendless, the lame, the halt and the blind, of whatever degree as a member of her family; misfortune in others the signmanual to her sympathetic heart. And to-day, while a feeling of thankfulness prevades the hearts of this community that she is at last beyond suffering, deep in the innermost recesses of each heart lies a yet greater measure of thankfulness that she has lived.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

GIRL WANTED.

At Hotel Hazel, Hazelhurst, Pa.

LETTER FROM MISS BURCH.

Former Smethport Teacher Has Returned From Chile, S. A.

Winthrop Center, Maine,
Aug. 19, 1912.

Editor Miner:

By this you will see that I have arrived home and have "swung round the circle" to this great State. Up here they have a saying that is like this "Maine, has no climate but lots of weather" and this is literally true for here rain, sunshine, fog and cold follow each other in rapid succession, that its hard to keep up with the procession. I am here for a two weeks' visit at "Sunny Slope," the summer home of Mrs. Baily, world's superintendent of Peace and Arbitrator of the W. C. T. U., and here on last Tuesday an Open Air meeting was held at which Mrs. Sterns, national President of the W. C. T. U.; Mrs. Anna Gordon, national vice-president; and I spoke. That I was in good company goes without saying. On Wednesday night I am to speak in the Friends' Meeting House here, on South America and on the Tuesday afternoon before I left Chautauqua I spoke in Kellogg Hall in that place. If I keep on at the rate I have been doing since my return home I'll certainly be called a public speaker. You who knew me in Smethport as a quiet person will almost doubt your own eyes when you read this, but you can't be any more surprised than I am.

Sunny Slope is a spacious mansion containing 30 rooms and 12 of them are guest rooms. One meets here authors, journalists and, last but not least, I met and dined with the president of the World's S. S. association.

On Tuesday we hear a lecture "Wonders of the Orient," illustrated. When one considers that we are three miles from anywhere and that no car whistle mars the solitude, and mail comes only twice a day, you are certain of a real rest.

I attended a S. S. picnic here. They do that sort of thing differently up here. Each family takes its own basket and when its time to eat, eats whats in its own basket. "Our folks" went to the hotel and took dinner there. Its an easy way to have picnics, don't you think so?

Since I came home almost 3 months ago, I have been somewhat like the traditional "Noah's dove" "seeking rest," etc., and I have found it just now, but will soon pack my "goods and chattels" and turn my face Pennsylvania-ward. I expect to be at the "Hut of the Universe" and see the sights there before I leave New England. I have been in Ohio and had the honor of riding in the same motor car that President Taft rode in. My only comment on this fact was that it was "big enough for both," which raised a roar of laughter.

I have seen much of our U. S., and must say that my private opinion thus publicly expressed is that its the grandest country the sun shines on and the scenery the most beautiful, and I am proud to say "This is my own, my native land."

Seeing Mrs. Warren and the Misses Richards at Chautauqua reminded me that I had been derelict in my duty and hence this effusion which is a fore-taste of what is to come.

Sincerely,
ADDA G. BURCH.
Greenville, Pa.

OLEAN FAIR.

September 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6th, 1912. Account Olean Fair and Races to be held at Olean September 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6th, 1912, the P., S. & N. R. R. offer special rates from all stations Wayland, Hornell and south. Tickets valid going on regular trains on the above dates and for return on or before September 7th.

For further particulars see hand bills or apply to P., S. & N.R.R. agents.

JOS. T. ODELL,
General Passenger Agent.

FOR SALE.

One elegant Side Board with French Bevel Mirror; one Extension Dining Table with six Chairs to match, finished in dark golden oak; all practically new. Will be sold at a big sacrifice. For particulars inquire at this office.

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE.

One 1-cylinder Cadillac in good running condition, price $65.00.

One two- or four-passenger steamer in fine condition, price $150.

Inquire of
BACKUS NOVELTY CO.,
tf Smethport, Pa.

A Gift of Flowers

That Were Thrown Out of a Window

By P. A. MITCHEL

Being invited to spend the week end with my friend Mary Morrison at her cottage by the sea, I was about starting from the house when I received a telegram, as follows:

Tiny will meet you at the station. Bring her along.

I had heard Mary speak of Tiny Archibald, who rejoiced in the more euphonious name of Gwendolin, but whose baby nickname had stuck to her through childhood and youth. I had never seen her, but had been told that she was a very attractive girl. But how was I to recognize her? Mary had not told me that she would carry her handkerchief in her left hand or that she would wear a sprig of geranium in her belt. Doubtless she had spoken of Miss Archibald to me so often that she supposed I had met her cousin.

I went to the station expecting to find a young lady on the lookout for some one she didn't know and in order to prepare for a little attention bought some violets, which I carried in my hand. I had no sooner entered the waiting room than I noticed an attractive looking woman walking back and forth, staring at every man she passed. I was sure she was the person I was to meet, so I walked up to her, lifted my hat politely and was about to ask her if she was not Miss Archibald when she gave me a meaning look and said in a quick low voice:

"Not a word till we are on the train."

I confess I was surprised. What could be the necessity for such mystery since I was simply to escort her on a short journey? However, it was she who was making the mystery, not I, and it behooved me to do as she said and find out the cause when she chose to tell me. I relieved her of a satchel she carried and conducted her to a parlor car. When we were seated I politely handed her the violets. The day was hot, and a window was open. What did she do but throw the flowers out on to a side track.

Never in my life have I been more astonished at the reception of a gift. The expression on my face betrayed how deeply I felt the insult, and the lady hastened to explain. But the explanation only added to my amazement.

"We are observed," she said; "the violets will give us away."

"Give us away?"

"Yes; Mary knows that you were to carry violets, and she may have let it out."

"Mary knows! She mentioned nothing by which"—

"Hush! The man opposite is listening."

Of all the receptions I ever had from woman this certainly was the most remarkable. Surely there was something missing that would have made all this clear. I have it. Mary has written me a letter that I have not received. In that letter she developed something in which I am expected to take part. The telegram was supplementary.

"I suppose you know where you are to take me?" said my companion in a low voice.

"I do," I replied, retiring within myself and determined to let the story proceed without giving away the fact that the only instructions I had received were to take her to Mary Morrison's seaside residence.

"Will Arthur meet us at the station or somewhere else?"

This was a point blank question that I proposed to parry. "I have not been instructed as to that. Doubtless we shall be advised when we arrive."

"Surely."

"Pleasant," I remarked to myself, "this ease with which I satisfy the lady. I wonder if I'll get on as well with the rest of the questions she asks me."

"I don't dare continue this any longer," she said suddenly after looking through the car suspiciously. "I will take another seat."

She did as she said she would do. I didn't mind her mysterious actions up to this point, but now to be deprived of the company on which I had counted was positively annoying. I thought I would give up my part in the play, follow her and ask her what the dickens it all meant. I was rising to do so when she saw me and with knit brows and a commanding look ordered me to remain where I was.

The train stopped at a station at which a number of persons got on. I happened to look at Miss Archibald and noticed that she had pulled a thick veil down over her face. I didn't think very much of this, for the car was full of dust. Not having any one to talk to, I lay back and closed my eyes. A boy selling candies went through the train crying his wares. He ceased to shout at the end of the car where Miss Archibald was sitting, and not long afterward I felt a tap on my shoulder. Looking up, there was the candy boy holding out a pasteboard box to me.

"Don't want any," I said testily.

"Lady at other end of the car sent 'em to you, sir."

I took the box, removed the lid, and there on top of some bonbons lay a folded bit of white paper. Opening it I read:

"The gentleman in the white vest and glasses knows me. Should he get off at our station don't leave the car on any account. Go on to the next."

"This beats me," I remarked to myself, reading the note over a second time to make sure I had read it aright.

I surveyed the gentleman referred to and detected him looking over the top of his newspaper at Miss Archibald, as if trying to make out whether or not he knew her.

"Well," I said to myself, "I'm not having the companionship of a young lady, but I'm having a lot to think about. I wonder what he has to do with it all."

But Miss Archibald kept the veil over her face, and there was no show for the man to claim an acquaintance, which I inferred the play that was going on wouldn't admit. I had a notion to go and sit by him and engage him in conversation, with a view to pumping him, but on second thought desisted.

Presently, the train slowing up at a station, I saw Tiny glance through the window, give her hand a quick little shake at some one outside, then look meaningly at me and gather her belongings as if to leave the train. I followed suit. She came past where I was sitting and whispered: "It's all right. They are on the platform. Come."

Whether to come or escape from I knew not what by remaining on the train I was uncertain. Curiosity prevailed, and I passed out just behind Tiny. On the platform were a young man and a girl. Tiny and the man greeted each other with a loving though somewhat excited look.

"Where's Fred?" he asked.

"Here." She turned toward me.

"That's not Fred."

"Not Fred!"

"No."

There was a tableau not describable in words.

"Why, he carried the violets," stammered Tiny.

It was time for me to say something, and I did.

"There has been a mistake here. I expected to meet a young lady at the station whom I had never seen, and I carried some violets that I proposed to bestow upon her. This young lady, through a mistake, of course, accosted me, and we got on the train together, when she threw my violets out of the window"—

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Tiny.

The young lady and the young man smiled.

"Never mind," said the young man. "All's well that ends well. Permit me to explain, sir. You have unintentionally got mixed in an elopement. A friend of mine was to have met my fiancee at the station and escort her to me here. She has missed him, and since you have performed his part thus far I would be pleased to have you finish it by serving as my best man. This is Miss Darton, who is to be bridesmaid."

I bowed politely to Miss Darton, who, vainly endeavoring to repress her merriment at the absurd outcome of the affair, returned my salute.

"Come on," said the groom. "We have no time to lose. I have a carriage waiting."

He hurried us off to the carriage, he and his fiancee engaged in too serious a business to be affected by the ludicrous feature of the affair. But Miss Darton was convulsed, and I boiled over with suppressed emotion of a similar kind.

"I wonder who got my girl," I remarked.

Miss Darton exploded at this, and it drew something like a smile to the lips of the groom. The bride refused to see anything to laugh at.

"Perhaps Fred got her," remarked Arthur.

"I trust she didn't throw his violets out of the window," I remarked.

At this the bride to be gave a nervous little laugh and said: "I trust you will pardon me. I was very much rattled."

"Naturally. One doesn't elope every day in the year," I replied.

By this time we had driven to the door of a pretty little church, where we all alighted and entered. We passed down the center aisle to the chancel, where the couple were married. The bride and groom went out together, I following with the bridesmaid. Then we re-entered the carriage and were driven back to the station. A train soon took away the bride and groom, leaving Miss Darton on the platform with me; she intending to go in the same direction as I.

"Who is Mary?" I asked.

"I am Mary. I arranged this elopement." Her merriment returned at the mere mention of the affair.

We boarded the next train, and I parted with her at my station, but not before I had received permission to continue the acquaintance begun in such an unusual manner.

When I reached my proper destination I drove up to Mary Morrison's cottage. She looked at me anxiously and asked:

"Where's Tiny?"

"Married," I replied laconically.

"Come, don't talk that way. Tell me why you haven't brought her."

I told the story and when I had finished was informed that Tiny was a poodle. She had been left in the city, and a maid was to have met me with her at the station.

I met Miss Darton later on—of course I didn't leave her without taking her address—and we enjoyed very much talking over the episode that had occasioned our acquaintance. More marriages occur between groomsmen and bridesmaids than those officiating at any other function. Miss Darton and I happened to make one of these cases. But we didn't elope, and there was no poodle to mix up anyone else on our wedding.

Faint Heart

Never Won Fair Lady

By EVERETT MACBURNEY

Alice and I had for some time been excellent friends, but it never occurred to me to look upon her as anything more than a friend. She was a great flirt and practiced her wiles on most any man who came along, but not on me. One day she surprised me by saying:

"John, why have you never made love to me?"

"You mean why have I never joined the innumerable caravan of those who bow down to you and whom you send on their way, sadder, but wiser?"

"Nonsense!"

"On the contrary, its the truth. You don't consider that if I made love to you and you sent me on like the others our companionship would be spoiled."

"Why should that be necessary?"

"I don't know. It's the invariable result in such cases."

"How do you know I would send you on?"

"I don't, but I'd bet ten to one you would."

She made no reply to this. We were sitting on a rustic bench in the garden. She was toying with a rose, one of the last of the summer, rumbling it against her lips directly under her nose. I knew very well she was doing it because there was something in it suggestive of a kiss, the lips and the rose being very much alike.

"Don't try to fool me, Alice. We've been mighty good friends, and I've felt complimented that you've thought so much of me you don't care to interfere with our friendly relationship. I'm going away tomorrow, and I don't know whether I'll come back or not. If I do I want to find my old chum here just as she's always been."

"Suppose you find me married?"

"In that case you'll still be my friend Alice, and I your friend Tom. And doubtless your husband and I will come to be good friends too."

I said this in a half hearted way. I knew very well that marriage makes a lot of difference in friendships. Several of my men chums had married, and I had come to consider such friendships as destroyed by wedlock. At any rate none of them were ever the same afterward. Alice didn't say she hoped so too. She kept rumbling the rose against her lips in a tantalizing fashion and didn't say anything. It was plain she had broken through the hedge that divides the realms of friendship from those of love and was looking about her in the new domain.

It is said that love begets love. At any rate there was that in her action to inoculate me. And yet I knew her so well that I didn't dare trust her. I had seen men hang about her for a few months, sometimes only for a few weeks, then suddenly drop off and never again be seen in her company. During the buzzing of the bee about the flower I had called the bee a fool. Should I now make a fool of myself?

"What is the pleasure you take in leading a man to make love to you, encouraging him to propose to you and then sending him off about his business?"

"I deny that I have ever done such a thing."

This was a pretty definite statement. I wondered if after all there wasn't some truth in it. Did these fellows conjure up encouragement when it was not intended? Was there something in Alice's treatment of them that looked like flirting, but was not flirting, or was she flirting and yet unconscious of doing so? Far be it from me, a man, to analyze a woman's motives in such matters. I have sometimes believed they don't always know themselves.

Alice had never acted in this way toward me before, and I was at a loss to attribute to her a motive for her doing so. I could not believe that she had suddenly made up her mind that she wanted me or that she was willing to destroy our friendship to satisfy a whim. If there was a middle course between these two I had not the power to discern it. My surmises ended just as all of man's surmises with regard to woman's intentions must ever end—in uncertainty. And yet should I analyze myself in the matter would I come out any better? I am now inclined to think that I had always felt for Alice a desire for her possession that I had not realized. At least this is the only explanation I can give for my action on this occasion. Possibly there may have been a bit of curiosity, a modicum of the hunter's instinct, both re-enforced by a feeling that a lifetime passed with her would be an agreeable one.

"Well," I said at last, "I will give you an opportunity to show whether you are in earnest or whether this is just such a case as you have been through often before. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Looking back at this proposal I wonder how I could have supposed that any girl who was interested in a man purely for love could have been satisfied with it. There was no more warmth in the tone with which I spoke the words than in the words themselves. I might as well have spoken a declaration into a phonograph and then set the machine grinding them out to her while I read a newspaper. Indeed, what then seemed to me to be a compliment, considering that she first broached the subject or at least gave me a hint as to her feelings, now seems to me to have been little less than an insult.

I really thought I was putting her in a position to declare her love for me if she had such love to declare, whereas I was simply putting her in a position to accept me for a husband if she chose to do so. She sat silent, toying with the rose, though now she was pulling it to pieces. Presently she said:

"No, I think it is fated that we shall not get beyond friendship."

I was much more disappointed than I had thought I would be at this reply. But I did not show it in my action, nor did I upbraid her. I simply said that I would do my best to maintain our past friendly status, but whether it could be maintained or not I did not know. I hoped it could. I arose, offered her my hand, which she took without warmth, bade her goodby and told her that I would see her again before my departure.

But I didn't. The barrier that I feared would be the result of lovemaking had come between us. I could not take leave of her both as a rejected lover and as a friend; therefore I would not take leave of her at all. I departed without seeing her. I considered that I had joined the "innumerable caravan."

The object of my journey was to investigate a business in which I had been invited to take an interest. Finding that it looked favorable, I embarked in it and for five years was absorbed in it. At the end of that time I concluded to take a vacation with two objects in view. One was to take a rest, the other to go back to my old home and visit old friends.

It was about the same time of year as when I had come away that one afternoon a few days after my arrival I went to call on Alice, who was now midway between girlhood and old maidhood. I found her in the garden where I had left her five years before tending her flowers. Hearing some one coming up the walk, she raised herself and with a trowel in her hand stood looking at me. I saw that she recognized me, but whether she experienced pleasure or pain at seeing me again I could not determine. She had always had the faculty of concealing her feelings.

She welcomed me with a certain cordiality and led me to the same rustic seat on which we had sat during our last and memorable interview.

"You are not married, I believe?" I said.

"No."

"I have often wondered why it is that girls such as you are or were, with lots of suitors, very often don't marry at all."

"I suppose it's because they don't meet the man they want or that the man they want doesn't want them. For my part, I would not marry any man unless he loved me."

"But men have loved you whom you didn't want."

"I have had men tell me they loved me who meant it, and I have had men tell me they loved me who didn't. At any rate, they told me in such a half hearted way that it meant nothing."

I picked up my ears. For the first time in the years that had intervened since my proposal I realized that it was half hearted. Could it be that she referred to mine as such a proposition?

"I remember," she continued, "on that afternoon when you were here last you upbraided me for trifling. It seems to me that if a man loves a woman and proposes to her to gratify a curiosity as to whether she is trifling or not with him he is the more reprehensible of the two."

There was something sadly reproachful in this that made me wince.

"If you refer to me I certainly have paid for the wrong I committed, though I do not admit the charge, for I have lived a lonely life since."

"I could only attribute your indifferent tone to curiosity."

"You were wrong. I did not realize that my proposal was half hearted, but I will admit that I did not know your refusal meant so much to me. We do not know how much we desire an object till we find we can't have it. Then we fret and fume and refuse to be comforted."

"In that case, if the object is at last attained, we find no comfort in it."

"Not so. The not getting what we covet shows us that we did not realize how much we wanted it. I admit that when we talked of this matter years ago I was fearful of a refusal. Fear is no weapon with which to make love."

"It is a good weapon with which to keep those apart who should be together."

A slight trembling in her voice when she said this struck a responsive chord in my heart. I had not only injured myself, but her. I had nothing to say.

"Why did you go away without coming to see me, as you said you would?"

"I could no longer come as a friend, and I did not wish to come as a rejected lover. But enough of this, Alice. I, who thought I had some insight into a woman's nature, have been a fool. My stupidity has cost me infinite pain. I now know that under my youthful friendship you was concealing an enduring love, not a love such as may pass away at a breath, but one that, growing slowly, becomes an absorbing passion."

Finding that words were inadequate to express all I felt, I took her in my arms and told the rest in caresses.

"Five years lost," she said through tears, "on account of a misunderstanding."

"They shall be made up for by a greater intensity of those that are to come."

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

Descendants of the Germans Who Came to This Country in 1682.

To most Americans the word "Dutch" means German. The Dutch are Hollanders from the Netherlands. New York was first settled by the Dutch from Holland.

The first Germans came to this country in 1682 and settled at Germantown. It is estimated that the Germans and their descendants in Pennsylvania numbered 100,000 at the time of our revolution. The descendants of these are called the Pennsylvania Germans or Dutch. The word Dutch is a corruption of Deutsch, meaning German.

The early Germans were followers of Menno Simons, known as Mennonites. They were persecuted in their own country on account of their religious belief and when Penn offered religious liberty it was gladly accepted by them. The persecuted Germans came largely from the Rhenish palatinate, Wurtemberg, from the lower Rhine, Alsace, Saxony and Switzerland.

The southeastern counties of Pennsylvania, such as Lancaster, York, Berks and Lebanon, were chosen for settlement. These settlers spoke a variety of dialects, and, owing to segregation in religious communities, they clung to their mother tongue. English words have since crept in and as a result we have the somewhat picturesque language known as the "Pennsylvania Dutch." Their religious belief and their common interest have preserved this class with singular purity.—Philadelphia Ledger.

OLD TALLY STICKS.

Their Use in England Was Abolished With Disastrous Results.

In the museum attached to the standards department of the board of trade, in Old Palace yard, London, a box containing a number of the old exchequer tally sticks, upon which, until an early period in the last century, it was the custom to keep the national accounts.

The tallies were notched sticks of seasoned willow or hazel, the notch on the edge representing the particular amount—the smallest, for pence, a larger notch for shillings and the largest for pounds.

The system, which was first introduced by the Normans in the year 1066, was not finally abolished until the reign of William IV., and then only with disastrous results. An order was promulgated that the accumulated tallies, amounting to many thousands, were to be destroyed, and they were accordingly burned in one of the stoves in the house of lords. By some means or other the stove became choked, the paneling caught fire, and in the end the whole of the palace of Westminster, with the exception of Westminster hall, was destroyed.

Some years ago a number of these old tally sticks were discovered in Martin's bank, in Lombard street.—New York Tribune.

Puzzles From the Greek.

If two are a few, why not three; if three, why not four, and by a gradually advancing increment of number why not 10,000, or any other number? Or, again, if the loss of a single hair does not make a man bald, why should the loss of two, of three, and so on, and inferentially the loss of all?

If, then, no addition or subtraction of a unit can transform a small number of wheat grains into a heap or a full head of hair into a bald head, how is it possible that either transition should ever be accomplished?

Take a grain of millet out of a bushel and let it fall on the ground, and it makes no noise. Take every grain in succession of 10,000, let the same happen, and no sound is heard. Then collect all the grains back into the bushel and pour it out, and the result is a great noise. How, asks Zeno, can 10,000 noiseless processes make one full of noise?

Honors at College.

"What was your son's social standing in college?"

"Oh, very fair. Why, he almost got into the Gibber and Squeak society!"

"Indeed! How was that?"

"Why, you know they always hit them on the back as a sign they have been selected, and George was hit on the back with such force that it knocked him down."

"Mercy!"

"Yes, indeed. He thought of course he had been chosen, but he found out afterward it was the class bully who hit him because he didn't like the set of his collar. But even that's a great honor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The American Collector.

"You can assure me that this old master is genuine?"

"Oh, yes, my very dear sir. The proof is perfect. Why, I can point out to you the very street in which the poor old master lived."

"And you are sure he was an old master?"

"Sure! Why, my very dear sir, he was more than ninety when he died."

"I'll take it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Hated It—Sure.

"I hate flattery," she said.

"Of course you do," he replied. "Every pretty girl does."

Then she drew a long, deep sigh and permitted him to press her cheek against his own.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Two Views of It.

PARSON—Do you take this woman for better or for worse? Bridegroom—Well, I can't exactly say. Her people think it's for better, but mine think it's for worse.—Life.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug 22, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Next week is Old Home Week in Coudersport

—Boost for the McKean County Fair & Races

—Bed blankets are advertised by Fry & Comes this week

—The Herrick Agency is advertising a farm for sale in this issue

—Read the advertisement of Daly & Garlick in this week's Miner

—H J Ellsworth is advertising some big grocery bargains in this issue

—A new cement sidewalk is being laid along the O D Bush lot on Franklin street

—Read what Burdick's Insurance Agency has to say in their space this week.

—School suits at remarkably low prices are offered by Monheimer in his advertisement Read it.

—Lyman H Finney of Bradford has purchased a new Flanders touring car of the Backus Novelty Company

—A promised fight on Hill street late Tuesday afternoon drew quite a crowd for a time but it got no further than a promise

—Subject of sermon Sunday morning at the Methodist church is 'Doing Justly, Loving Mercy and Walking Humbly with God

—The M E Sunday School picnic will be held Thursday, Aug 29 at Corryville A cordial invitation is extended to all members and friends of the Sunday school Round trip, adults 25c, children 15c

—The Smethport Gas company is laying a six inch gas line along Water street This line will supply gas for many residences in the western end of the town as well as in part of the business portion.

—The annual catalogue of the Edinboro State Normal School for 1912-13 is out. It not only is a work of art from a printer's standpoint, but contains much valuable information for prospective students

—Miss Martha Summersgill entertained 15 of her young friends at her home last evening in honor of her th birthday Miss Martha treated her friends to a trip to the theatorium after which they visited the Sugar Bowl They all report a fine time

—Mrs Theodore T Doutt, formerly of Kane, has made application at Buffalo for a divorce from her husband who is a brakeman on the B, R & P Ry. Mrs. Doutt claims that she has just learned that her husband has another wife at the other end of his run and therefore objects to being wife number two

—Harrisburg Telegraph Someone has said that God gives each bird its food but that He does not throw it into their nests We do too much of that nowadays The young man who has everything furnished him is not half as much to be envied as the young man who is able to furnish everything for himself Self-help is the best help says the old proverb, and the more we see of the fruits of other kinds of help the more we are convinced that the proverb is right

—Tuesday's Kane Republican says George P Smith, manager of the Kane Supply Co, received a telephone message about 2 30 p m to day that his father of Clarendon, Pa, was drowned at Big Bend, near Kinzua, Pa, on the Allegheny river shortly after the noon hour When the son received the news of his father's death he immediately left in his auto in company with George Crossmire, for that place The details of the accident were not received

—H J Sprague, an old and well known resident of this county died at the Kane hospital on Sunday He was 72 years of age and the cause of his death were the ills incident to old age and a broken constitution For a number of years he has lived on the Farmers Valley road near Smethport, and his remains were brought to the home of his daughter, Mrs F. E Brockham, where the funeral services were held on Tuesday, and his remains were laid at rest in the Smith cemetery He is survived by two sons, three daughters and one brother all of whom reside in nearby towns

—The new premium list for 1912 of the McKean County fair will be out and ready for delivery some time next week Although very late in starting the premium list will consist of 30 pages and cover, which is of two colors, and will be very interesting reading to the people of McKean county. Secretary Rice assures us that the prospects for a bigger and better fair than ever before are very encouraging.

—"Maybe they will hang me, but it don't matter much, I am an old man," was the comment of Joseph Kozkowski, 62, farmer, after being locked up at Erie on Monday, charged with killing George Roberts, a neighbor whose body was riddled with shot from a double barreled gun yesterday as the result of a quarrel over line fence and cattle The shooting was witnessed by Roberts' son and members of a picnic party. Kozkowski was arrested by Erie detectives who overpowered him in his home where he had fortified himself He laughed when telling his story of the shooting to Chief of Police Detzel

—The oil and gas well workers of this county are going to have a big picnic and clam bake at Bradford on Saturday The fun commences at 11 o'clock and everybody is invited The Star-Record of Tuesday says The committee in charge of the commissary department of the Oil and Gas Well workers' picnic to-day placed an order with a New York concern for 25 000 clams At the same time an order was given a 'York state corn grower for 300 dozen ears of green corn In addition to the clams and corn, other edibles that usually form features of clambakes will be provided in large quantities The work of preparing Bryner's grove for the coming outing has already started

—Ridgway Record An enterprising agent who claims to represent a firm that was putting out something new in the line of acid and water proof inks appeared in Ridgway recently and sold a number of quarts of the fluid at $1 per measure The ink was guaranteed to be proof against cheinicals Once traced on bond paper the agent said that it was impossible to erase The agent was willing to demonstrate to the satisfaction of purchasers It sold at a dollar a quart and several dollars were collected in Ridgway but it has since been discovered that the fluid was not even as good as the common ordinary writing ink Ridgway men did not bite as easily as the business people of Williamsport DuBois and other places where gallons were sold

—While in Olean on a visit to his wife who is a night operator for the Bell Telephone company, and lives with her small son and daughter and sister, at No 310 Coleman street Patrick Shine formerly a brakeman on the Erie railroad with headquarters at Hornell tried to about 4 o'clock Tuesday morning to end his life by cutting his throat with an old butcher knife. His wife was at work at the time but the sister in law hearing an unusual noise ran upstairs and found him on the floor of the bath room with the knife lying beside him Dr John Kane was summoned and the man was rushed to the hospital Though terribly cut the jugular vein was not severed but the attendants express small hope of the man's recovery as he lost a great quantity of blood. Despondency over several years of illness during which he has been unable to work and lived with his brother at Wellsville is said to be the cause of the act Mr Shine is about 35 years old and has been married five times

A DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

The Play That Was Enacted in the New York Subway.

A subway train was leaving Grand Central station with its usual 5 o'clock load In a corner by the door sat a man whose worn clothes and shabby shoes were whitened with the lime he worked in. His face was lean and marked with tired lines, and his hands, joint swollen and blunted, hung wearily between his knees. A large woman, bejeweled and plumed, entered the car with a rustle of skirts and a jingle of finery that attracted all eyes. Swaying uncertainly on her high heels as she made for the only empty seat, she was thrown from her balance by a sudden lurch of the train, and only the laborer's promptly outstretched arm saved her from an ignominious fall.

She straightened herself with what grace she could and turned with a smile to thank the gentleman who had rescued her. A glance at the workman, however, made her expression change to one of disdain With a perceptible sniff, she ostentatiously brushed her gown where it had come in contact with the man's hand and sank into the seat. Looking as if he had received a blow in the face, he shrank back and dropped his eyes in confusion.

Across the car, watching the little episode, sat a lady with a sleepy child in her arms. The little girl, perhaps three years old was dressed in spotless white, from her dainty kid shoes to the deep frilled bonnet that framed her rosy face. When the guard called Seventy-second street the man slowly rose, and the lady opposite stood up with the child still in her arms. Touching the man's arm, she said, with a smile:

"Will you not be kind enough to carry my baby up the stairs? She is too sleepy to walk and very heavy for me to lift."

The man straightened himself and, with face alight, carefully took the little white clad form in his arms and led the way up the stairs. Passersby stared curiously at the trio, but there was no consciousness of that in the woman's gracious "Thank you! That was a great help."

As the mother and child passed on the man lifted his battered hat and turned homeward with a buoyant step. —Youth's Companion.

Sarcasm.

He—Has our new laundress melancholia, my dear? She—I'm sure I don't know Why do you ask? He—Nothing, only I noticed the clothes are so blue —Exchange.

Wipe out the past, trust the future and live in a glorious now —Towne

Willing to Trade.

Uncle Mose was a chronic thief, who usually managed to keep within the petty larceny limit. One time he miscalculated, however, and was sent to trial on a charge of grand larceny

"Have you a lawyer, Mose?" asked the court.

"No, sah."

"Well, to be perfectly fair I'll appoint a couple. Mr Jones and Mr. Brown will act as counsel."

"What's dat?"

"Act as your lawyers. Consult with them and prepare to tell me whether you are guilty or not guilty"

"Yes, sah."

Mose talked to his attorneys for a few moments in husky whispers The judge caught only the several times repeated word alibi. Then Mose arose, scratched his head and addressed the court

"Jedge, yoh honah," he said, "cou'se I's only an ign'ant niggah an' Ah don' want toh bothah yoh honah, but Ah would suttinly like toh trade, yoh honah, one ob dese yeah lawyahs foh a witness."—Kansas City Journal

The Church of Gold.

There is no structure just like St. Mark's in Venice in the world Its bulb shaped domes and minaret like belfries remind the visitor of the orient. It seems more like a Mohammedan than a Christian temple. In the facade are scores of variously colored marble columns each one a monolite and all possessing an eventful history Some are from Ephesus, others from Smyrna, others from Constantinople and more than one even from Jerusalem St. Mark's is the treasure house of Venice, a place of pride as well as prayer The work of beautifying this old church was carried on for five centuries, and each generation tried to outdo all that had preceded it. The walls and roof are so profusely covered with mosaics and precious marbles that it is easy to understand why St Mark's has been called the "Church of Gold."

The Lion and the Lamb

The hardest thing to train a wild beast to do is to perform with a weak, defenseless animal In one of the big circuses some years ago an effort was made to persuade a very docile old lion to lie down with a lamb The lion was certainly a good one but it took several lambs and also several months before the lion, which was willing to do any kind of trick, would allow a lamb to enter his den with impunity Twice he killed a lamb in the presence of his trainer and once he nearly killed the trainer, who tried to pull away the carcass Finally the lion would tolerate the lamb in the den just so long as the keeper stood over it with an iron bar But the performance was so evidently forced and so lacking in smoothness and interest that it was abandoned after two or three attempts.

Bird's Nest of Steel.

In the Museum of Natural History at Soleure in Switzerland, there is a bird's nest made entirely of steel There are a number of clockmaking shops at Soleure, and in the yards of these shops there are often found lying disused or broken springs of clocks. One day a clockmaker noticed in a tree in his yard a bird's nest of peculiar appearance. Examining it he found that a pair of wagtails had built a nest entirely of clocks springs. It was more than four inches across and perfectly comfortable for the birds. After the feathered architects had reared their brood the nest was taken to the museum, where it is preserved as a striking illustration of the skill of birds in turning their surroundings to advantage in building their nests.

Mozart and Bretzner.

When Mozart was at the height of his fame he composed the music for Bretzner's "Belmont und Konstanze" ("The Abduction From Seraglio") at the request of the Emperor Joseph II. The author of the drama was so angry at this that he inserted the following notice in the Leipziger Zeitung "A certain fellow of the name of Mozart has dared to misuse my drama, 'Belmont und Konstanze,' for an opera text. I hereby solemnly protest against this invasion of my rights, and I reserve to myself further procedures. (Signed) Christoph Friedrich Bretzner, author of 'Rauschchen.'"

The Mystery of Love.

If a man should importune me to give a reason why I loved him I find it could not otherwise be expressed than by making answer, because it was he because it was I. There is beyond all that I am able to say. I know not what inexplicable and fated power that brought on this union. —Montaigne.

Up Early.

"The boss asked me what made me look so tired," said Gailey, the clerk "and I told him I was up early this morning."

"Huh!" snorted the bookkeeper. "You never got up early in your life."

"I didn't say that I got up. I said I was up."

A Sure Sign.

"Old Titewad is a mighty sick man but the doctor says that if he can just keep him from giving up he has a chance of winning out."

"Then he'll win. Old Titewad never gave up anything since I have known him"—Houston Post.

In Anticipation.

Howell—Robell is always borrowing trouble Powell—Yes he's the kind of fellow who, if he thought he was going to get fat would go out and walk off the weight before he got it.

A. Y. Palmer

Livery, Feed, Sale and Boarding Stable

Carriages furnished for all occasions.

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—AND—

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Smethport - - - Pa.

will welcome your account and it will be given the same careful attention that has made friends of our present customers.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

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Everything in the Drug Line

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When in need of printed blanks call at this office, we carry a full line

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Wedding gifts in Silver, Cut Glass and China.

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Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

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WALKER'S I X L ICE CREAM

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What's What in Clothes and Furnishings

We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Spring to show you

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world An inspection will convince you We will be glad to show them

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

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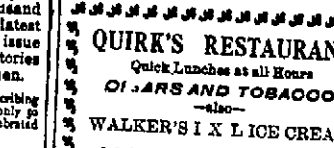
Bradford, Pa.



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—Dealer in—

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
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Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 22, 1912.

Sidna Edwards, one of the Allen gang that shot up Judge Massie's court room at Hillsville, Va., has pleaded guilty to man slaughter and sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary.

Senator Boies Penrose explains how he used the $25,000 sent him by John D. Archbald, vice-president of the Standard Oil company, by saying that he used it in New York to help elect Theodore Roosevelt president in 1904. It sounds reasonable, don't it? It don't.

It is understood that the Washington party, which represents the Progressives in Pennsylvania, will make an effort to place Congressional, Senatorial and Legislative candidates in the field in every district in the State where the present nominees do not represent the progressive movement.

Nearly the entire detachment of 500 Nicaraguan troops, comprising the garrison of the city of Leon, to the north of Managua, was massacred by a force of insurgents Saturday night, according to reports which reached the capital Sunday. On Friday news was received by the government that the liberals at Leon had risen in revolt and General Chamorro dispatched troops to suppress the movement and reinforce the garrison of the city. The government troops on reaching Leon camped on the Plaza, in the center of the town. The insurgents, who greatly outnumbered the government force, attacked the city Saturday and after a fierce engagement the garrison surrendered. Instead of holding their captives prisoners of war after the submission, it is reported that the troops were slaughtered by the rebels. Out of a force of 500 men, all were killed except 70.

William Burke, a common councilman of Philadelphia, has been blackmailed until he has made a confession of his past crimes and left the city. In his younger days Burke was a burglar and committed a number of crimes in the East. He was sent to prison for a number of years, after which he reformed and came to Philadelphia where he lived an honest life and gained the confidence of the people. A former prison mate learned of his prosperity and took advantage of his knowledge of Burke's past by conducting a system of blackmail which finally became unbearable and he made a full confession. Mayor Blankenburg and other friends have offered to stand by Burke and he has become sufficiently encouraged to come back and continue living an honest, upright life and live down his past disgrace now that it has become known and he no longer lives in fear of exposure.

Eugene W. Chafin, Prohibition party candidate for president, came out with much emphasis in a strong statement at Shinglehouse, Monday, in favor of Theodore Roosevelt. "Roosevelt and Bryan," said Chafin, "are the greatest men since Henry Clay. There are easily a million voters who will follow Roosevelt anywhere. He is a marvelous man. Through the success of a new party is the only way the people of the country can secure relief from the corrupt forces of the old parties and the corruption and inefficiency in the government resulting therefrom. This I have been telling the people for years, and now that Roosevelt is telling them the same thing they are beginning to sit up and take notice. The woman suffrage, child labor and other planks for the uplift of mankind in the Progressive platform have been in the Prohibition platform for years, but to get them enacted into laws we gladly welcome any help we can get." This certainly is remarkable frankness from a rival candidate, says the Bradford Era.

Rev. William Booth, general and commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, passed away at 10:30 o'clock Tuesday night at his home in London, aged 83 years. General William Booth who developed one of the greatest organized movements since the beginning of Christianity for the saving of human souls, was the son of a Nottingham, Eng., carpenter. He was born in the city on April 10, 1829. He chose preaching for a profession and studied theology under a private tutor for the Methodist New Connection church. In 1852, when he was 23 years old, he entered the ministry, but was not formally ordained until six years later. In the meantime he was appointed to do circuit work, but he had received a taste of evangelism and it appealed to him. To his imagination and ambitious mind, the work of ministering week after week to the same congregation palled; he longed for fresh fields, and a continued fight after human souls. While traveling through the country, particularly in London, General Booth was struck by the poverty of the people in the slums. From observation he concluded that poverty and sin were to a certain extent allied and that to do the most effective work and to get the best results he should transfer his efforts to the poverty-stricken denizens of the slums.

"THANK-YE-MA'M" MUST GO.

New Ruling of Superior Court of Interest to Supervisors.

Harrisburg, Pa., August 14.—Every township in Pennsylvania that continues to afflict the traveling public with that relic of less enlightened days known as the water break or "thank-ye-ma'm," is laying itself open to the payment of heavy damages.

Competent authorities in road building have long since decided that water breaks are absolutely unnecessary on a properly constructed road, and now the Superior court of Pennsylvania has ruled that townships are liable not only for the damage but for the inconvenience caused by these useless things.

The Pennsylvania Motor Federation is urging friends of good roads everywhere throughout the State to direct the attention of supervisors and other township officials to this decision of the Superior court. It was rendered in the case of Lesher vs. Lemon township, of the excessive height of a water break, and the imposition of a substantial bill of damages on the township taxpayers was sustained by the higher tribunal.

Not only that, but the Superior court goes even farther than the county court, saying:

"The trial judge did not go even as far as the act of assembly would have authorized him to go in ruling on the points to the answers, to which exception was taken, having confined the attention of the jury to the dangerous condition of the road, as occasioned by the obstruction placed therein by direction of the supervisors, and leaving out of view entirely its convenience. In the construction and repair of public roads, particularly in view of the increased rapidity of travel upon them, it is important for supervisors to keep in mind convenience as well as safety in the construction and repair of these avenues of public travel."

As the cost of failure to comply with the law in respect to safe and convenient highways must fall eventually on the farmers and other taxpayers in the townships, it is expected that a few more damage awards in accordance with this latest interpretation of the law by the Superior court will tend to bring the "thank-ye-ma'm" into general disuse as a substitute for a properly arched roadway, which is the cheapest and best in the long run.

THE CORN ROOT APHIS.

A Westmoreland county farmer recently wrote to Prof. H. A. Surface, State Zoologist, Harrisburg, Pa., saying, "I have a corn field that has puzzled me for some time. Certain parts of the field have grown nicely, while other parts have not grown since the middle of June, when I worked it the second time. The blades have turned red. On examining the plants I find the roots covered with green lice, of which I send you samples. Please tell me what kind of pest this is and how to get rid of it."

Prof. Surface sent him the following timely information:

"The pest on your corn roots is known as the Corn root Aphis or louse. There is no remedy for it now at this time in the season, but if you had plowed the ground last fall, and kept it cultivated until late fall and early spring, you would have avoided injury by this pest. The Corn root louse is always worse where corn follows sod or grass, or where a field has been very grassy or weedy the year previous. It is taken care of by the ants for the sake of the sweet liquid which it produces, and which they eat. It injures the corn very considerably by injecting a poisonous saliva which stunts the growth of the plants, and also by sucking out the modified sap.

"The ants care for the Plant lice and the eggs during the winter, and then in spring make holes into the corn roots, and place the Aphids in them. Cultivation helps to discourage them, but is not enough to overcome them. A quick-acting fertilizer, like nitrate of soda, is a great aid to stimulate the growth of the plants beyond the stage of injury by the Aphids. At the present time I recommend scattering broadcast about two hundred pounds of nitrate of soda to the acre, or a pinch dropped at each corn stalk will help it considerably. This should be followed by cultivation.

"If a person finds it necessary to plant corn on sod ground he should by all means do the plowing in the fall and stir the ground with a spring-toothed harrow, or some other cultivator that reaches deeply, doing this early in the spring, and continuing it until late in the spring, and then plant the corn late. He will have a better stand of corn by so doing, and will help get rid of damage by Cut worms, Grub worms and Plant lice. We often hear of injury of corn by Ants, while as a matter of fact it is not Ants but Root lice, such as you have observed."

BEE STING CURE.

Rheumatism May Be Cured by Bee Stings.

A rheumatic sufferer in Pennsylvania wrote to State Zoologist, Dr. H. A. Surface, at Harrisburg, asking about the bee sting cure for rheumatism. His answer, which is intended to help other sufferers desiring the same information, is as follows:

"I must say that the bee sting cure for rheumatism is no joke, and in reality is the best known cure for this supposedly uncurable affliction. As to whether it will cure a case of long standing I cannot say with certainty, but it is my opinion that it will. I believe that if a few stings are applied two or three times per week to the part of the body that is suffering with rheumatism, it will be only a few weeks until this is found much improved, and a few weeks more until it will be found gone.

"The best method is to catch a few bees by using an inverted fruit jar over flowers where the bees are at work or take them from a hive. Take the bees into a closed room, and as they fly to the window to escape, tap them with a rolled paper that will render them unfit to fly, but will not kill them. Then pick them up by the wings, and press them on the part of the body that is suffering from rheumatism, letting them insert their stings, and let these remain in the skin. Only one or two stings can be used in the beginning, but the number can be increased at latter applications until as many as eight or ten can be used two or three times per week.

The patient seems to become more or less immune to the injurious effects of the sting, and after it has been applied for a while it is not nearly so painful nor objectionable. It is possible for any person to become immune to the effects of bee stings, so that they do not hurt worse than mosquito bites. It is certain that, however, severe may be the local pain from the bee sting. This is not so serious and is not to be compared with the rheumatism as the cause of real suffering.

To guard against foreign germs like those causing blood-poisoning, it is very easy to wash the place where the sting is to be applied, using any of the modern antiseptic solutions to be had from drug stores."

Subscribe for The Miner.

Advertise in The Miner.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Letters of Administrations on the Estate of J. H. Biever, late of the borough of Smethport, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them to the undersigned, properly authenticated, for settlement.

FRED H. BIEVER, Adm.
Aug.22-6t Smethport, Pa

SEALED PROPOSALS.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.
State Highway Department.
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the State Highway Department in the Capitol Building, Harrisburg, Pa., until ten o'clock on the morning of August 30th, 1912, when bids will be publicly opened and scheduled for the reconstruction of 8,181 lineal feet of asphaltic macadam road, 14 feet wide, situated as follows: From the southwest borough line of Port Allegany to the Lewis Hill cemetery, under the Act of Assembly approved May 31, 1911, P. L. 468. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the State Highway Department, Harrisburg; 2117 Farmers' Bank Building, Pittsburgh; 1001 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; and at Warren, Pa. Each bid must be made upon a blank furnished by the State Highway Department, accompanied by a certified check in the sum of $1500, enclosed in a separate sealed envelope (which blank and envelope will be furnished upon request) marked: "PROPOSAL FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A SECTION OF ROAD IN McKEAN COUNTY, LIBERTY TOWNSHIP."

EDWARD M. BIGELOW,
State Highway Commissioner.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between D. R. Woodward, Raymond F. Shaw and John Kennard, and doing business under the firm name of D. R Woodward & Co., at Kane, Pa., Ridgway, Pa., Burlington, N. J., Cambridge, Md., and Bristol Pa., was dissolved by mutual consent on the third day of August, A. D. 1912, the said Shaw and Kennard having sold all of their interest in said partnership to the said D. R. Woodward. D. R. Woodward will continue business at the same places. All claims against the partnership of D. R. Woodward & Co. shall be presented to D. R. Woodward for payment and all claims due the firm shall be paid to him.

D. R. WOODWARD,
RAYMOND F. SHAW,
JOHN KENNARD,

Formerly doing business as D. R. WOODWARD & CO.

In re Petition of Michael Splain for Subpoena and for an order directing the reproduction of a lost deed to lands in the Township of Ceres, in said County, and the recording of a copy thereof.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County.

No. 23, October Term, 1912

County of McKean, ss:

To William Splain, Olive Splain Crowley and husband, ——— Crowley, Lillian Splain, Ida Splain, Albert Splain, Benjamin Splain, Michael Peters or heirs, James Hobbs or heirs, and all other persons whom it may concern.

WE COMMAND YOU that you appear before our judges at Smethport, at our Court of Common Pleas for the County of McKean, there to be held on the 3rd day of September, A. D. 1912, at two o'clock, p. m., of that day, to make answer, upon oath or affirmation, to the facts set forth in the petition of Michael Splain filed in said court on June 19, 1912, for the purpose of supplying the defect in the title of said petitioner to certain lands situate in the Township of Ceres, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being lands formerly of Michael Peters, James Hobbs and James Splain; said defect in title being occasioned by the loss of deeds from Michael Peters to James Hobbs, from James Hobbs to James Splain and from James Splain to the said Michael Splain. Herein fail not at your peril.

WITNESS the Honorable Jos. W. Bouton, President Judge of our said Court at Smethport this 10th day of June, A. D. 1912.

B. F. STARSKY,
Prothonotary.

THOS. F. GARRAHAN,
THOS. H. MORRISON,
Attorneys for Petitioner. 3t

70 ACRE FARM For ONLY $1,000

Productive farm of 70 acres, located ¾ mile from Ceres, and 5 miles from Eldred, Pa., 30 acres under cultivation, balance pasture and second growth timber. Land lays rolling and hilly, watered by living springs and creek. Improved with seven roomed house, barn 30x40. Orchard of 35 trees, grafted fruit. This farm is 80 rods from school and church, 3 miles from factory, on R. F. D. Price $1000, terms half cash, mortage for balance.

Herrick Agency,
OLEAN, N. Y.
Masonic Temple. Both Phones.

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25---Blue Serge Suits---25

[Absolutely Guaranteed.]

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Try one on now while we have your size.

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THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS than the pantry with locked doors. ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee.
Made in the cup.
Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

$2.25 to BUFFALO
AND RETURN
$2.50 to NIAGARA FALLS
AND RETURN
$4.50 to TORONTO
AND RETURN
FROM SMETHPORT

August 27 and September 3, 1912

Ticket good on train leaving at 9:22 a. m. Returning, Buffalo and Niagara Falls tickets will be accepted on all regular trains stopping at above named station, day of excursion, and day following; Toronto tickets will be accepted for passage between Niagara Falls and Lewiston, via N. Y. C. or Gorge Route, limited to five days, including day of sale. Baggage will not be checked nor will tickets be valid for passage in Pullman cars.

Children, between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare.

Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Ont., August 24 to September 9, 1912

COW EASE

Warranted to do good work.

Saves Money for the Farmers.

FOR SALE BY

CHAS. W. MASSER,
SMETHPORT, - - PENNA.

WAVERLY BRANDS 76 SPECIAL MOTOR

WAVERLY GASOLINE

are the products of more than 30 years' experience. Three brands—

76°—Special—Motor

Power Without Carbon

Waverly gasolines are all refined, distilled and treated—contain no "natural" gasolines, which are crude and unrefined and which carry the maximum of carbon-producing elements.

Waverly Oil Works Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
Independent Refiners
Makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil

McCALL PATTERNS PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Akron Gas Heater Sad Iron.

A new thing in the line of Sad Irons. Can be attached to any light and only costs about one half a cent to do an ordinary ironing. They are evenly heated at the bottom, just where the heat should be.

We put them out on three weeks trial and guarantee them to give satisfaction.

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You Pay Less Here

We find we help ourselves most by first helping others. Compare our prices with the prices you pay elsewhere and you will be convinced. We save you money on the same quality bought from the same factory. All goods sold by us are guaranteed to quality and prices or your money refunded. A few of the many prices given below.

Best granulated sugar	6c
Niagara corn starch	8c
Arm & Hammar soda	6c
Large size Gold Dust (pkg)	19c
Large size Pet Milk, 9c, 3 for	25c
Large size Post Toasties 9c, 3 for	25c
Maple Flake 9c, 3 for	25c
8 Bars Lenox soap	25c
6 Bars Fels Naptha soap	25c
7 Bars Oak Leaf soap	25c
Royal Baking Powder, 1 lb. can	39c
Medium Red Salmon	15c

Choice Fruits and Vegetables

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

Prompt Delivery Bell 'phone 107

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 22, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Grange picnic is being held at Coryville to-day.

—Make preparations now to attend the big McKean County Fair & Races.

—The Epworth League is holding a picnic on the island this afternoon.

—The Comes family is holding its annual reunion at Frog Camp to-day.

—The Smethport Water Company is cleaning out the reservoir to-day and to-morrow.

—Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Dr. Burg Chadwick, who has been ill for the past three weeks, has sufficiently improved so as to be able to sit up.

—Earl Gallup has purchased the Ed. Devereaux house on Bank street and will take possession in a short time.

—Mrs. Joseph W. Bouton gave a party yesterday afternoon to a number of girls and boys in honor of the tenth birthday of her daughter, Helen.

—W. J. Kerr is assisting in Engstrom & Olson's jewelry store during the absence of Mr. Olson, who is on a visit to his old home in Sweden.

—Mrs. J. W. Anderson of Clermont, mother of County Commissioner A. R. Anderson, who has been quite ill for some time, is, we are pleased to say, improving quite rapidly.

—The cups won by the Smethport players at the Tennis tournament last week are now on exhibition in the windows of Engstrom and Olson's jewelry store.

—Clyde Hinton of Bradford who was arrested and brought here to jail on a charge of statutory rape, has been released on bail of $1,000 furnished by his father and grandfather.

—Roosevelt and Johnson clubs are beign organized in Bradford and Kane and the chances are clubs will be organized in every town of any size in this county.

—George Holzsick of Newton was brought to Smethport and lodged in jail, last Wednesday, on the charge of breach of promise, but has been released on bail of $500.

—The last teachers' examinations for the coming year were held here last Friday and Saturday. About 40 prospective teachers were here and took the examinations.

—The Gallup family held their annual reunion at Frog Camp on Tuesday. This reunion was largely attended and everybody had an unusually good time.

—The annual Ostrander reunion was held last Wednesday, August 14, in the grove on the old homestead. About sixty of the relatives were present and an enjoyable time was reported by all.

—Owing to the illness of some of the Male Quartet and I. O. O. F. band, no concert will be given to-night. However they expect to hold a concert on Thursday of next week.

—Mrs. Patrick Connors of East Smethport underwent an operation at the Kane hospital a few days ago. A tumor weighing about 20 pounds was removed and Mrs. Connors is said to be doing nicely at this time

—Leo Herzog had quite an exciting experience with his automobile last evening. He backed it out of his garage on Mill street and when he left it to close the doors he did not put on the car run backward over a steep dirt embankment into the mill pond. He got a team of horses and, after considerable effort, succeeded in getting it back into the road. The car was not damaged in the least.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield entertained at their cottage on Chautauqua Lake, for the week end, Dr. and Mrs. J. V. McAlpin, Miss Dora Keenan and Miss Ruth Walker, of Smethport, E. H. Hue, of Warren, L. C. Burchfield of Brockwayville and De G. Van De Boe of Coudersport.

—P. Fuller McClellan, a son of Editor Tom M. Clellan of Mt. Jewett, and Miss Sadie Gene Latshaw of Warren, Pa., were united in marriage by Rev. J. W. McGavern at the parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal church on Monday, August 19, 1912. The young couple have the best wishes of many friends in Smethport and vicinity.

—Craig Workley and Robert Michaels, two young boys, went after berries in Irons' Hollow last Saturday. they had just got started to pick the lucious fruit when upon looking up they saw a large black bear working toward them gathering berries as he approached. The boys suddenly decided that they were poaching on bruin's preserves and lost no time in making tracks for home.

—John Connors, son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Connors of East Smethport, was terribly injured while at work on a railroad in Canada a few days ago. The details of the accident we have at hand are very megre but we understand he got caught between two cars. His right foot was so crushed that it had to be amputated about three inches above the ankle, the great toe on the other foot was taken off, his skull is said to be fractured, several ribs were broken and he was otherwise badly bruised. His father has been to see him and expects him to recover but as yet he is in too serious a condition to be brought home.

—Mary, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lanzel, of Benzinger road, near St. Marys, was burned to a crisp Monday afternoon when a large barn owned by her father was destroyed by fire. The fire started about 1:30 o'clock, and how it originated is not known. The little girl was missed from her home but it was not known that she was in the structure until her remains were found after the fire had subsided. Besides the loss of their child, which alone is a severe shock to Mr. and Mrs. Lanzel, 160 bushels of oats, fifteen tons of hay and straw and all their farming implements were destroyed. The loss of the barn and implements is estimated at $2,000 which is partly covered by insurance.

—Yesterday morning about 11 o'clock a telephone message came from Norwich that a murder had been committed in one of the lumber camps near that place. Sheriff Bain and Detective Jones made a hurried trip to Norwich in an automobile and from there took a waiting train to Clark camp, seven miles back in the woods. There they found that no murder had been committed but violence was threatened. Seven Italians, who had been working for an Italian contractor, were threatening trouble because the boss, who had got them in there on a promise of $2.00 per day, would only give them $1.65 when it came to settlement. Through the efforts of the officers the differences were amicably settled and the workmen left peaceably.

WILLIAMS GROVE PICNIC.

Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Grangers' picnic, Williams Grove, Pa., August 26 to 31, the Pennsylvania railroad will sell excursion tickets to Williams Grove from stations in Pennsylvania and from Baltimore, Elmira, Frederick and intermediate stations on the Northern Central Railway, August 20 to 30, inclusive, good for return passage to reach original starting point not later than September 3, at reduced rates.

GET READY.

The Clarion State Normal School will open its fall session September 11. Students register on preceding day. A specialist in Agriculture, a supervisor in Primary work and an instructor in Domestic Science have been added to the teaching force. Tuition free to prospective teachers, other expenses low. In order to secure a room at the school write at once.

Harry M. Shafer, Prin.
Clarion, Pa.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending August 17th, 1912:

DeHart, Bert
Swarts, Mrs. George.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Advertise in The Miner.

Henry J. Rice was an Olean visitor yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Geary are visiting in McKeesport.

Miss Amanda Anderson is the guest of Bradford friends.

Mrs. Ralph E. Burdick was a visitor in Bradford yesterday.

Mrs. Newell Dickenman, of Ontario, N. Y., was the guest of Mrs. M. C. Bain, Saturday.

Miss Edna Neill of Clarion, Pa., was the guest of Miss Carrie Day a few days last week.

E. W. Jones who has been visiting his mother in Ovid, N. Y., returned home Monday.

Miss Viola Badger passed Sunday with her cousin, Mrs. V. J. Coleman, in Port Allegany.

Mrs. Sarah Blake, of Eldred, is a guest at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mrs. F. A. Wooster and daughter, La Vieve, left Monday for Chautauqua where they will spend the week.

Mrs. Anna Stubenrauch and daughter, Thelma, left last Wednesday for a visit with relatives and friends in Streator, Ill.

F. T. McCarty who has been the guest of relatives in this place for the past month left Monday for his home in Epley, Miss.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Studholme have returned from a visit with relatives and freinds in Boston, Mass., and Hamilton, Canada.

Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany passed Sunday with Mrs. Studholme and children, who are visiting at the home of J. A. Holder.

Miss Adelia Malcolm and Miss Rita Denning returned to their homes Monday after a visit with Miss Helen Newton in Port Allegany.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Dunsmore of Reynoldsville were in town Friday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Dunsmore's brother, the late Eugene Hussy.

Mrs. V. B. Bouton and sons, Edwin, William and Robert, returned home last week from a visit with her sister, Mrs. John Miller, in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup, daughter, Marion, and son, William, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Camp are spending some time at Stow, on Chautauqua Lake.

Additional personals on last page.

W. C. T. U. MEETING.

Interesting Session Held at M. E. Church on Tuesday.

The W. C. T. U. met Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 13, at the chapel of the M. E. church.

After a devotional service led by the President the following lines of Departmental work were chosen:

Jail and County Home work, with Mrs. Nellie McGavern and Mrs. Martha Chadwick, as superintendents.

Flower Mission, Mrs. Jane Keesler as superintendent.

Mothers' work and Social department, Mrs. Flora Freeman, superintendent.

Sunday School work, Mrs. Nellie McGavern, superintendent.

Department of Literature, Mrs. Martha Chadwick, superintendent.

Press Department, Mrs. Stella Hall, superintendent.

Railwork work, Mrs. Fannie Gleason, superintendent.

Other departments may be added as the work progresses.

The next meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the chapel of the M. E. church, Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 27, at 2:30. The ladies of all the churches in Smethport are most urgently invited to attend these meetings and join the Union if possible. It is not a denominational work, but is for all women who are interested in the temperance cause.

SUCH A BARGAIN!

44

Splendid School Suits

will be sold at

$2.00

These are Spring and Summer Suits, but really heavy enough for fall wear. Regular $3.50 $4.00 and $4.50 but we are going to "clear 'em out" at

$2.00

made in Norfolk, 3 button and double breasted—all have knicker-bocker pants; sizes 7 to 14

Hurry if you want a bargain.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Ladies' Skirts, Jackets, Dresses, Waists Closet Skirts

FRY & COMES

Store Closed at 6 p. m. excepting Mondays and Saturdays.

BED BLANKETS.

Blanket time is here—Our store is showing a splendid new stock of extra values, cotton fleece and woolnap bed blanket this week.

Months ago when prices were at the lowest point we bought liberally so that to-day we have something over 900 pairs to offer you at a decided price-advantage. Later on when we have to replenish our stocks, prices will be noticeably higher, already manufacturers have advanced prices materially. Our advice is supply your needs now.

Fleeced Blankets, white, Grey, Tan per pair - - - 55c to $2.00
Woolnap Blankets " " " and Plaids per pair $1.75 to $2.90
Cril Blankets, white, pink and blue - - - 50c to 90c

Ducking Fleece—New Fall Patterns, the yard - - - 15c
Handsome designs and colorings for Kimonas and dressing sacques.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT. : : : PA.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your lieu.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Don't Buy Tire Worries With a Pleasure Car.

It is now possible to make an automobile journey without a thought of your tires.

RESILIO

Makes it so. It cures every evil chargeable to pneumatic tires. It increases the life of the casings fifty to one hundred per cent. It never loses its vitality. It is a perfect shock absorber. It rides as easy as air. It saves money and annoyance. It does not granulate, freeze or soften. It fits any tire on any rim. It is absolutely trouble proof. It saves expense in special tools. AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, It permits one to continually enjoy the pleasures automobiles were intended to promote.

RESILIO—What It Is

Resilio is a vegetable compound which is forced into the inner tube hot, in a semi-liquid state, where it immediately vulcanizes, and is ready for the road in a few hours.

Pneumatic tires have not kept up with the Pace.

It is conceded that pneumatic tires are ten years behind the times in automobile construction, and many devices have been offered to cover this seemingly unconquerable fault.

Most of them have no merit, and some indifferent merit. Some are beyond reason because of the cost and it remains for

RECILIO

To cover every known objection in tire construction, which it does in the most simple manner and at a very reasonable price.

RESILIO Has Stood the Test

Before a single claim had been made for RESILIO it had been tested for two years on cars subjected to every possible use, and under all climatic conditions.

Actual tests show great gains in efficiency of power in your gasoline; a feature worth remembering.

The motorist whose tires are treated with RESILIO knows what it is to enjoy pneumatic tire speed, resiliency and comfort without pneumatic tire expense, trouble and worry. Knows what it means to feel that there can be No blowouts. No punctures. No extra tires or tubes to carry. No rim cuts. No leaky valves. No delays. No accidents. No dirty work on the roads.

It is not affected by heat or cold. Can be used in any tire under any conditions. Does not flatten from standing or lose its shape from any other reason.

IT IS PERFECTION IN A TIRE FILLER.

If you are interested in RESILIO; for prices and further information call on or address

PENN TIRE FILLER CO., Coudersport, Pa.
OR
BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.,
Sole agents for McKean County.

The American Code

It Did Not Please French Duelists

By George C. Conant

More than half a century ago, when railroads were first beginning to be built in America, there were no railroad kings to finance them. Those in the west especially were paid for by the farmers living along the proposed line, who subscribed each for a small lot of the stock.

Zeke Tuttle, a Kentucky farmer's boy, returned from the war between the United States and Mexico, where he had served as a volunteer in a rifle corps composed chiefly of hunters, to find a railroad projected that was to run close to his father's farm. Zeke became much interested in the proposed road, which would enable his father to get his products to market and thus utilize them. The young man was a good talker and made a tour along the route that had been laid down by the engineers, for the purpose of persuading the farmers to subscribe for the stock of the company.

He met with remarkable success. This was owing to a natural gift he possessed for demonstrating the advantages that the railroad would bring to the farmer rather than to any especial willingness on his part to take his money out of the woolen stocking in which he kept it and put it into the shares of the road. When sufficient track had been laid to warrant a mortgage those interested began to look about for funds to be obtained in this way. At that time 7 per cent was the prevailing rate of interest in America, which was much higher than that paid abroad. It was therefore decided to attempt to place the stock of the road in Europe. When the directors came to look about them for a man to demonstrate the enterprise to foreigners they naturally pitched upon Zeke Tuttle for the purpose.

Zeke accepted the work offered—he was to receive his expenses and a commission—and, making the journey to New York by stage-coach, canal and other primitive methods of conveyance, crossed the ocean in a sailing vessel and one day appeared in Paris with his charts and printed information setting forth the advantages of his railroad.

He found certain bankers who were so favorably impressed with his arguments that they consented to offer his bonds to the public. One day while they were making their preparations to open the subscription books a man called on Mr. Tuttle and solicited an advertisement of the sale for his paper, the Courier des ——. Tuttle declined to advertise.

The next morning an article appeared in the Courier des —— warning persons not to subscribe for the bonds of the American railway since the road had not yet been built.

Unless this article were retracted by the newspaper that published it Tuttle's scheme for placing his bonds would be a failure. He called at once at the office of the Courier des —— and asked to see the manager. Tuttle was a long, gaunt, rawboned American of the backwoods type, dressed in store clothes he had bought for the occasion. The manager was a carefully dressed Frenchman of aristocratic mien. An interpreter was called, and Zeke entered a protest against what he called blackmail. The manager said something in French to the interpreter, who asked Tuttle to follow him and led him to the office of an elegantly dressed man who sat in a luxurious chair reading one of Alexandre Dumas' novels. The interpreter said something in French to this gentleman, then said to Zeke:

"This is M. Cavillac, ze fighting editor of our journal. You having insulted us by accusing us of levying blackmail upon you, I have been instructed to bring you here zat you may repeat your charge if you so choose to do."

"I don't talk any French," replied the westerner, "but that's what we call such rascally proceedings in pure American."

The reply was transmitted to M. Cavillac, who gave the following rejoinder to Mr. Tuttle:

"This journal, like others, is liable to print something that will displease some one. For the purpose of satisfying such or defending its honor a gentleman is appointed to receive and give challenges to and from those who are offended or offend. Since you have applied an offensive epithet to what has been said in the columns of this paper M. Cavillac begs that you will do him the honor of giving him satisfaction in mortal combat."

"Well, I'll be jinged!" was Tuttle's exclamation. "I'm goldurned if I haven't a mind to satisfy him by slapping his jaw."

"Zat would be out of order," said the interpreter. "He is armed and would shoot you."

For a moment Tuttle was thrown, so to speak, on his beam ends, but he soon rallied.

"What kind of a mortal combat is it? Bowie knives?"

"What you call zat? It is not known in Paris. But I have to inform you, monsieur, zat since you are ze challenged party you have ze choice of weapons. M. Cavillac does not care whether you choose ze sword or ze pistol. He is equally familiar with both weapons."

"Reckon he is," replied Tuttle. "It isn't likely that the paper would give such a job to a man who didn't know his business."

"Monsieur is quite right. Upon inquiry he will learn that M. Cavillac is one of the best swordsmen and shots not only in Paris, but in Europe."

"You've got everything fixed to bleed any one you choose, haven't you?"

The interpreter pretended not to hear this. M. Cavillac assumed a bored look and returned to his novel. Tuttle's martial spirit, that had been cultivated during the war with Mexico, was slowly looming up in his bosom. He remembered how the corps of "squirrel hunters," as they were called, to which he had belonged were relied upon by General Taylor to pick off the Mexican leaders and how they accomplished their task. The blood was slowly mounting to the American's cheeks, and fire was lighting up his eye.

"Now, see here," he said, bringing his fist down on the table. "This yere thing has got to stop. If any more of it appears in your paper I'll take care of that waxed mustached gentleman in the American fashion. Good mornin'."

Turning on his heel, he departed from the office of the Courier, leaving the interpreter to deliver his message.

The next morning the Courier printed another article about Tuttle's road that was worse than the first. His bankers informed him that in view of these attacks it would be useless for them to offer the bonds. They would not be taken by the public.

"What can I do to stop the rascals?" asked Tuttle.

"Give them a thousand franc advertisement."

"We don't do such things in America."

"You Americans have not yet learned the way affairs are arranged in older countries."

"Hold on a few days. Don't do anything till I let you know."

The manager of the Courier, not having received a reply to his fighting editor's challenge and thinking he had a good chance to clinch matters, sent a message to Tuttle stating that if he did not send a written apology to be printed in the journal he would publish an article showing how, for having protected the French public from an American swindle, they had been subject to insult and a demand for satisfaction had been unheeded.

"Jest you wait a minute," he said to the messenger, "and I'll give you an answer to take back with you."

Then he sat down at a desk and indited the following epistle:

Manager of the Courier des ——:

Monsieur—I have decided to accept the challenge of your fighting editor. I understand that I have the choice of weapons, but I don't want to act the hog, so I'll give your fighting editor a choice between two kinds of a fight that has been tried often in the state of Kaintucky. The first plan is bowie knives in a dark room; the second is rifles at from 50 to 1,000 yards. Respectively yours,

EZEKIEL TUTTLE.

There is no record as to the reception of this note in the Courier office. No reply was made for some time. When it came it expressed surprise that Mr. Tuttle should suppose that either of such barbarous plans as he had proposed would be acceptable in a civilized country like France. Wouldn't he name some other plan that could be accepted by a gentleman? To this Tuttle wrote that the only other plan in such matters in vogue in America that he (Tuttle) approved of was "over a handkerchief," which meant that two seconds held a handkerchief between the disputants, who fought with pistols as near together as that would allow. His opponents were at liberty to choose that method if they liked in preference to the two others he had named, but for his part he thought the distance between the parties was mighty small.

Mr. Tuttle waited patiently for a further reply. It did not come, but the next day a gentleman called on the American, who introduced himself as M. Dumont, a member of a Paris club to which all disputed points of the code duello were referred. He had called to assure M. Tuttle that his plans of fighting had been referred to a committee of which he had the honor to be chairman and that the committee had decided that M. Cavillac was not bound to fight on those terms. This was communicated in bad English.

"Look here, monsieur," said Tuttle, "I didn't ask M. Cavillac to fight; he asked me. But since I'm in for this yere muss I'm going through with it. You go tell him that if he don't accept one or t'other of the two plans first offered before sundown I'll withdraw 'em and insist on a fight 'over a handkerchief.'"

"Mon Dieu," exclaimed the Frenchman, "Americans are like ze wild men d'Afrique!"

So indignant was he that he forgot to bow himself out. Tuttle, who now gave up all expectation of the fighting editor meeting him on his own terms, notified his bankers to proceed with their preparations for placing his bonds.

The next move on the part of the Courier party was to send an invitation to Mr. Tuttle to a conference to take place in the editor's office. Upon the American's arrival he was informed that they had been mistaken as to the investment he was about to offer, and if he would withdraw the charge of blackmail he had made they would publish an article stating that financiers had pronounced his bonds a good investment and the probabilities were that the loan would be largely oversubscribed.

This ended the matter. The Courier approved of the loan, Tuttle of his own accord gave them an ad., and the bonds were all taken. Tuttle went back with a couple of hundred thousand dollars commission and became a famous railroad man.

The Miller's Ghost

A Story of Garibaldi and the One Thousand

By F. A. MITCHEL

The union of the Italian states that occurred during the middle of the last century was accomplished by the united efforts of three different leaders who, strange to say, were not at all in accord, and in the case of two of them there was great antagonism. These three men were Victor Emmanuel, king of Sardinia; Count Cavour, his prime minister, and General Garibaldi. The king acted as a rallying head for the Italian people, Cavour's splendid diplomacy prevented the interference of foreign powers, and Garibaldi struck the blow.

When Garibaldi, at the head of 1,000 volunteers, landed on the Sicilian shore to support the revolution in that island and advanced eastward he fought a battle in which he was victorious, and the supporters of his enemy, the king of Naples, commonly called Bomba, retreated to Palermo, where the king's main army was located, protected by a fleet of war vessels in the harbor.

During this fight, when Garibaldi was advancing, an Italian soldier, Giuseppe Guardet, was captured by Bomba's troops. This Guardet was as much of a genius in a small strategic way as was his general in leading armies. Guardet was sent forward with other prisoners in the direction of Palermo that they might not be retaken by their advancing comrades. But in any event soldiers in retreat do not make the best of guards, and Guardet, who had been wounded, pretending that he could not keep up with his captors, lagged behind and when he saw that he was unobserved by those hurrying on ahead of him sank down behind some bushes.

If the prisoner had been in the rear instead of in advance of the retreating army he would have needed only to wait for Garibaldi to come up. As it was, he must conceal himself till the main body and rear guard of the royal troops had passed on. As soon as he ceased to hear the confused sounds of the guard ahead of him he sprang up, notwithstanding his wound, which was not in a vital part, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him into a wood beside the road on which he had been marching. Sicily is a mountainous country, and he was on a slope at the foot of mountains, a stream running through it down to the plains below. Following this stream he came to a water mill.

Guardet found the mill deserted except for a donkey hitched to a post, on whose back were several bags of flour evidently intended for delivery. Inside grain and flour were in bags and in heaps.

The fugitive, seeing that he had found a good hiding place, threw himself down on the bags of flour to rest and, being exhausted, fell asleep. He was soon awakened by voices and, starting, ran up a pair of stairs to the upper part of the mill, where he found a large heap of flour. The voices came nearer till he could hear them directly below. Guardet burrowed into the flour, leaving only a breathing space for his nose at the back part of the pile, where it would not likely be noticed. The comers were chattering below, and the hider soon learned that they were Neapolitan soldiers. He had been missed almost as soon as he had dropped behind, and these men had been sent back for him. Noticing that the mill was a good hiding place, they searched it. When they came up the stairs Guardet withdrew even his nose under the flour and held his breath. They did not think of looking for a man in such a place, and Guardet had the satisfaction of hearing them go away.

As soon as he was free to come out from his hiding place he did so, white as the flour that had shielded him. Going into a little room where the miller kept his accounts, he found a fragment of looking glass fastened to the wall and, by it saw that his face was like that of a corpse. Wiping the flour from his forehead with his hand, which was covered with blood from his wound, he left a smudge of blood coagulated with flour. Then the idea of playing the part of a ghost, if necessary to effect his escape, occurred to him, and he dabbed himself here and there with blood, and with some ink he found beside the miller's account books blackened the sockets of his eyes.

Surveying his image in the mirror, he lost all fear of capture, for, knowing well the superstition of Italians, he felt sure he could easily put to flight a whole army of them.

The sun was now low behind the mountains, and Guardet concluded to sally forth with a view to working his way backward to rejoin his comrades. Leaving the mill, he saw the donkey still patiently standing tied to the post, and it occurred to him that there was no need for him to walk when he could as well ride. To heighten the ghostly effect he emptied the bags of flour over his steed, with the exception of one bag, which he left in its place for a saddle. Then, mounting, he guided the little beast down to the road.

There he hesitated. If he rode toward Garibaldi's army and failed to frighten the coming Neapolitans it would be all up with him. It might be better in the end to go the other way. Being of a venturesome disposition, the latter course pleased him the better, and he decided to go with the current instead of against it.

He had not proceeded far before he heard the jabber of voices, the rattle of side arms against canteens and tin cups, denoting that some soldiers of the retreating army were ahead of him. Thinking they would afford him a good opportunity to make his experiment of playing ghost, he urged his charger on till he came in sight of four men, whom he suspected to be those who had been sent back to find him. Hearing the patter of the donkey's little hoofs on the road, they turned.

For a moment they stood paralyzed.

"Santa Maria!" whispered one to the other. "It's the miller. He must have been murdered."

"Go back," cried out Guardet, "and bury me! King Bomba's men have left my body in a thicket near my mill. I will haunt you till you place it underground and put a cross over it."

As he spoke he kept on at the same pace. The soldiers recoiled before him to the side of the road and as soon as he had passed began to consult as to what they should do. Not one of them dared to stand against the threat he had made in the miller's name, and, trembling, they retraced their steps and spent hours in a fruitless search for his body.

Meanwhile Guardet, encouraged at his success, rode on, keeping at a safe distance behind the advance of the retreating army, till he came to the top of a declivity from which he could look down on Palermo. He saw King Bomba's flag flying over the palace, the Neapolitan ships of war in the harbor, besides several war vessels flying the British flag. He noticed the enemy's camps and, considering their extent, could not conceive how his general could prevail against them. He observed their positions and saw that they were on the farther side of the city, while the declivity on which he stood led down to the narrow streets on the hither side that had been left without protection. All this he considered, and it occurred to him that it would be well for his general to know what was before him.

By this time darkness had come on, and he determined to take advantage of it to ride back to inform Garibaldi of what he had seen.

There was another road leading toward the revolutionists which joined the one on which they were advancing. Guardet made for this road. Just as he was about to ride into it, looking over an open space he saw the dark forms of men marching westward.

"Aha!" exclaimed Guardet to himself. "A force is moving by this road either to strike the general on the flank or cut him off. We shall see about this."

For some distance the road on which these troops were marching lay over partly open ground, and Guardet hovered on their flank. He appeared now and again to the soldiers as a white mass moving in the same direction as themselves. He was minded to block the road before them to delay or turn them back, but he remembered that their leader would be at their head and, being of superior intelligence, was not likely to be frightened by an apparition. So he fell back to the rear with a view to detaching some portion of the force. When the dawn was far enough advanced to enable the troops to see him he put himself on the road between the main body and a company marching a short distance in the rear. A bomb dropping among them could not have more effectually scattered them.

Without waiting for them to investigate him Guardet, who every moment was becoming more convinced of the importance of bearing the information he possessed to his general, crossed from the road on which the Neapolitans were marching to the one on which Garibaldi was advancing and during the morning took position at a point where the general must pass. He had not waited long when the head of the revolutionary column came in sight. Guardet rode to meet them, and the skirmish line melted away like ice under the rays of a hot sun. Guardet kept on causing a commotion in the little army till he approached the general and his staff.

"What's this?" the general demanded. "Who are you who have rigged yourself like a phantom?"

"I am Private Giuseppe Guardet, taken in yesterday's fight by King Bomba's men. I escaped and hid in a mill. That's what gives me a ghostly appearance. I have been to the crest of the hill overlooking Palermo and have noted several features that it may be well for you to know."

"What are they?"

"There must be 20,000 troops in Palermo, but they are all near the palace at the other end of the city. There is a fleet of war vessels in the harbor, some of them bearing the English flag."

"English?"

"Yes, general."

"Go on."

"The part of the town nearest the foot of the declivity is unguarded. You may find an entrance on that side."

"Anything else?"

"A force has been sent out to intercept you. It is marching by another road."

"They have gone on a fool's errand. Thank you, Private Guardet. You cut a ridiculous figure, but you have brought me valuable information."

The general rode on, and Guardet took position beside the road. As the soldiers passed, now knowing that he was harmless, he was greeted with shouts of laughter.

History tells how Garibaldi after a long fight on the streets of Palermo finally forced the evacuation of King Bomba's army, thus striking the first and the main blow for Italian unity.

The Blond Giant

It Is Not Safe to Jump at Conclusions

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mark Ellsworth bought a magazine of the train boy and settled comfortably back in his seat. The book opened of itself at one of Eunice Ward's charming little love stories, and Mark scanned the columns eagerly for the paragraph that introduced the inevitable man in the case. He was vexed with himself even as his eyes fell upon the offending paragraph.

As usual in Eunice's latest stories the hero was everything to be admired—manly, lovable and big and blond and handsome.

Mark slapped the pages together and cast the magazine from him, staring moodily at the fleeting scenery. He was rather below the medium height, dark and pale and square jawed and very American. Quite the opposite of Eunice Ward's ideal as depicted in her stories. Of course the big fresh faced English type must be the sort of men Eunice admired, for her heroes were all of that description.

The train drew to a stop before a little terra cotta station, and Mark gathered up his traps and hastened out into the October sunshine.

He had cherished a vague hope that Eunice might be there to meet him—once in the earlier stages of their acquaintance she had come for him—but no, Mrs. Raymond, his hostess, sat alone in the motor smiling a warm welcome.

"Eunice was coming, too," she said as they sped along the oiled road toward Windymere; "but at the last moment Mr. Punderson reminded her of a promised walk, so she went with him."

"Who is Mr. Punderson?" asked Mark grimly. "Not Percy Ranier Punderson, the poet chap?"

"Yes; and you will like him so much," returned Mrs. Raymond enthusiastically, her dark eyes flashing one glance at his stern profile.

"No doubt," said Mark dryly. "He's an Englishman, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes."

"Big and blond and something of a giant?" There was an unconscious note of anxiety in his deep voice.

"Why, yes—in a way," laughed Mrs. Raymond, as she gave him her hand alighting. "I didn't know you men noticed each other's looks much."

"We don't as a rule," returned Mark deliberately, "but we observe and admire poets as we do women, you know."

"You will like Mr. Punderson," predicted Mrs. Raymond, as she directed him to his room.

Mark Ellsworth was sure that he must detest Punderson the poet. As he dressed for dinner his fine forehead was creased with a dark frown as he went over the months of his acquaintance with Eunice Ward. He had been a bosom friend of Dick Raymond's before that gentleman's marriage and since then had been a frequent guest at Windymere. Eunice was Mrs. Raymond's cousin, and it was at Windymere that Mark had met and fallen in love with her among the winding paths of that most fascinating of homes.

The presence of Percy Ranier Punderson at Windymere was significant. Mark had heard of him as a dreamy, soulful individual, and he could not associate Mrs. Raymond's description of the Englishman with the drooping, anaemic poet his imagination had conjured.

Eunice gave him a cool little hand and a fleeting glimpse of sea blue eyes that were hidden at once by thickly fringed white lids.

"We had about given you up," she said reproachfully. "You've promised to come down every Saturday for the past month and now, the first week in October, our expectations are at last realized!" The mock regret in her tone quite hid something that Mark was too miserable to recognize.

"I've been very busy," he said absently, "and in town the weeks do slip away. You have not been dull?" His eyes involuntarily turned toward Punderson's broad back.

"Not at all!" she cried hastily. "Mr. Punderson is quite as ardent a pedestrian as I am, and together we have tramped over every road in Mereton, coming home with the most appalling appetites."

"I hope you will walk with me," said Mark, speaking more wistfully than he knew.

"Of course," she replied quickly. "I know the loveliest place in the countryside. We will start tomorrow morning while the others are at church."

The prospect of having Eunice all to himself for several hours put Mark in the best of spirits and during the course of the evening he came to like the big quiet blond giant who seemed a living representation of the heroes who marched through the pages of Eunice's stories.

As they struck into a long amber lighted wood road the next day Mark turned and looked at Eunice, she stepping easily beside him. She wore a simple walking skirt of white serge and a white knitted coat, with a white felt hat perched on her golden hair. She looked very young and very fair, but he thought her voice lacked its usual buoyancy. Then it occurred to him that Eunice might care for Punderson and the poet might be merely whiling away a pleasant fortnight amid congenial companions. Suppose Punderson was trifling with Eunice's love and she—cured—cared!

"Why do you look so very fierce?" she laughed suddenly.

"I was thinking," he said, somewhat lamely.

"And disagreeable as the thoughts must be judging from your frown you will not sell them for pennies?" She jingled some coins in a tiny pocket of her jacket.

"I was thinking what I'd do to the man who ever caused you one heartache!" he burst out passionately.

She paused and faced him with a blank look in her eyes. "Why—why do you say such a thing?" she asked with an effort.

"Because—oh, Eunice, because I love you. You needn't turn away. Of course I know it is of no use—I'm not the sort to attract you—but it relieves my mind to tell you," he ended bitterly. He did not look at her face; his eyes were fixed on the dead leaves on the ground under their feet.

"How do you know that it is of no use?" she said quietly, and as he looked up, startled, her eyes drooped.

"Eunice!" His hands went out and were withdrawn, clinched, to his sides. "Oh, of course I know I'm not the type you admire—one has only to read your stories to recognize that, Eunice. But, Eunice, if you ever need me I'll fight for you until the last"—

"I need you now, Mark," she said almost inaudibly.

"Ah!" His hands clasped hers this time, and he looked at her eagerly. "Who is it, Eunice? You needn't be afraid to tell me," he urged.

The fringes lifted, and in another instant he would have glimpsed a heaven in their depths, but then there came an interruption. Firm footsteps trod the crisp leaves, and there came into view the massive form of Percy Ranier Punderson. His hands were stuffed in his pockets, and his fair hair was rumpled and tossed out of its usual order. He stopped short at sight of the two, and as his glance fell on Eunice's lovely, agitated countenance a light came into his eyes.

"Ah! I thought I had the woods to myself," he stammered awkwardly.

"I thought you had gone to church with Dora and Dick," observed Eunice, recovering her composure. "I was taking Mr. Ellsworth over to the ruined chapel. Won't you join us?"

"Thank you; no. I was about to turn back. We started for church, but the motor broke down at the crossroads. The Grenvilles came along and offered seats for two, and, as I was out of humor for church, I walked back." He made as if to retrace his steps, but Eunice's carelessly put question checked him.

"Who was with Alice Grenville?" she asked.

"Why—er—Tommy Lapham, I believe, and—er—her father was driving the machine. I'm afraid you'll be late for luncheon if I detain you any longer," he said, and, with a nod of farewell that included Mark, leaning against a nearby tree, Mr. Punderson tramped back over the fallen leaves and was soon out of sight.

"Shall we go on?" asked Eunice.

Their walk was resumed in a silence that was not broken by any reference to their interrupted conversation. A grimness had settled around Mark's lips, and his chin looked more square than ever. Eunice's fair brow was puckered in a frown, and there was a troubled look in her eyes.

When Mark did open his lips once more it was to speak of the brilliant autumn coloring or the scampering gray squirrels that crossed their path. At last they emerged upon a cleared space crowning a high bluff that jutted into the sea. Here were the charred and crumbled ruins of a once beautiful stone chapel.

Mark removed his hat and drew a deep breath of the sweet pure air. "Windymere is beautiful, but if I had my choice I'd build a home right here on this headland," he said thoughtfully.

"There is a good road that leads into the highway," observed Eunice quietly as she seated herself on the stone steps of the ruined edifice. "I have bought this land, Mark. Don't you think it will make a beautiful home for me?" She was looking at him through drooping lashes.

"Yes," he returned dully, staring away at the glistening waves. He was thinking of the ideal life Eunice would lead with her poetic husband if she married Punderson. And he was sure that she cared for the Englishman.

"I want to tell you something about Mr. Punderson," went on Eunice. "I am sure you will understand that it is entirely confidential."

"Yes," he repeated grimly.

"Well, Mr. Punderson is very much in love with Alice Grenville, and she is flirting outrageously with every man she meets. Just at present it is Tommy Lapham, whom no one takes seriously, yet poor Mr. Punderson is absurdly jealous. If he understood women he might see that Alice is in love with him and that she is afraid somebody will discover that fact. Stupid, isn't he?" A pink flush wavered in her cheeks, and her blue eyes were quite hidden.

Mark breathed quickly. He took a step toward her, a light in his dark eyes. "Eunice," he said hoarsely, "are all women like that—do they try to hide their love from the man who loves them?"

"Not all, Mark," she said in a tone between tears and laughter, "but those of us who are not sure, when we give our love first, we—we must dissemble, such as describing our hero as a blond giant when as a matter of fact— Oh, Mark"— as he took her in his arms.

"When as a matter of fact"— he repeated, laughing down into her eyes.

"He is like you," she whispered, her lips against his.

ZINC SMELTING.

Not a Modern Art, Since It Was Known as Early as 1798.

For many years the art of zinc smelting was supposed to be relatively modern among metallurgical processes and to be due to the invention of the Abbe Daniel Dony, a chemist of Liege, the story of whose accidental discovery is 1806 is classical.

The particular type of Belgian furnace may indeed be credited to Dony, but it has long been doubtful whether he was entirely unacquainted with previous undertakings. Thus it is well known that the manufacture of spelter was begun in Upper Silesia about 1798-1800 by Johann Ruhberg, who learned the art in England (where zinc smelting was then being carried on by the English process of distillation downward) and Bergrath Dillinger began zinc smelting in Carinthia in 1799.

As remarked by Ingalls in "Production and Properties of Zinc:" "It is incomprehensible indeed that ten years later there should have been no knowledge in Belgium of what was being done in this branch of metallurgy in England, the two countries being separated only by a narrow strip of water, while the news had previously penetrated eastward to the Polish frontier."—Engineering and Mining Journal.

MAKING CLOUD PICTURES.

Some Useful Hints That May Help Amateur Photographers.

Your cloud picture depends largely upon your choice of a subject. Rivers and small lakes, mountains and hills lend the best contrast, while trees in the immediate foreground come next. Wide expanses of level lands or vast stretches of water are unsatisfactory. If you desire an ocean cloud effect be sure to place a cliff or some prominent landmark in the foreground to break the monotony.

The exposure for cloud effects, made necessary by the laws of light and optics, is necessarily very rapid. Anomalous as it may seem, this does not presuppose an extra rapid lens. In fact, such a one may defeat the very object you hope to attain. I make my cloud scenes with an ordinary rectilinear lens by preference. The exposure with an eight stop should be the maximum speed of the ordinary shutter. If the day is exceedingly brilliant the stop must be correspondingly decreased. The great danger is in over exposure, thereby dissolving your cloud.—Charles Stuart Moody in Outing Magazine.

Meals in the Dark Ages.

Few references can be found as to the manner in which a meal was served and eaten during the dark ages. As near as we can learn, the soup was put in a big bowl with ears, called a "porringer." There was seldom a spoon for each person. Those who had spoons dipped them into the porringer, and the liquid was carried directly to each mouth. Those who were without spoons drank their soup from the porringer, holding it by one of the ears, or else borrowed a spoon of their neighbor. The meats were placed in a large vessel in the center of the table. Each person present at the meal picked out with his fingers such bits as he desired. One or two knives answered for half a dozen guests. Those who were without knives borrowed from those who had them. As a rule, the guests at table used their own knives. There is no evidence that napkins were supplied to guests at this period. At any rate, no mention is made of them.

The London Bobby.

In humor, in urbanity, as in perfect control of his district, the London policeman is the nearest possible approach to perfection. To the stranger he seems the politest of all the Londoners. The shop people in London are, in the average, both stupid and rude; the supposedly well bred people in Hyde park, if a hapless vagabond were to come to them for information, would be either insolent or unintelligible; the policeman, however, seems invariably polite, wonderfully well informed and furnished with English that is not nearly so atrociously cockney as that of those who fancy themselves his betters.—"Vagabond Journeys, the Human Comedy at Home and Abroad," by Percival Pollard.

An Explorer's Stratagem.

Sir Harry Johnston, the famous explorer, once escaped from a very tight corner in Africa by a queer stratagem. A score or two of murderous natives had surrounded his tent, into which before rushing it they sent an envoy. The envoy was told the smallpox was in the camp, and a wretched Albino was sent out as the awful example. In five minutes the scared tribesmen had vanished. As Sir Harry well knew, they feared the "white disease" more than all the inventions of Maxim.

An Accomplishment to Be Revived.

Tommy Harduppe—Can you whistle, Mr. Wigwag? Wigwag—No, my boy. My whistling days are over. Tommy—Then you'd better learn again. Wigwag—Why? Tommy—'Cause I heard pop say he owed you some money and you'd have to whistle for it.

Dear Little Edward.

Uncle—What have you learned at school today, Edward? Edward—Just now to take the back off my history and fix a real good Indian story into it, so the teacher can't find out that I ain't studying.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is very easy to get angry with somebody for doing what it would be very unreasonable for anybody to get angry over if you do it.

GAY OLD FASHIONS.

Dandies of Past Centuries Would Make Solomon Look Sad.

Compared with the gay apparel worn by the dandies of the past ages the youths of our time in the gayest of gay raiment make but a poor show.

The bishop of Ely in the fourteenth century had a change of raiment for every day in the year. The Earl of Northumberland boasted no less than sixty cloth of gold suits at this time.

In the time of Chaucer the men wore clothes as many colored as Joseph's coat, so that while one leg would be a blaze of crimson, the other would be tricked out in green, blue or yellow without any regard for harmony or contrast.

Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, a dandy would dress himself in a vivid green coat, a waistcoat of scarlet, yellow breeches and blue stockings.

And the gentleman of a few years later wore, among other vagaries, a coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of fine Manchester breeches; clocked silk stockings; a club of hair behind larger than the head which carried it; a hat not larger than a sixpence.

It was a common thing in the early part of the eighteenth century for a man of fashion to spend several hours daily in the hands of his valet. Among the many operations which took up this time was "the starching of the beard and the proper perfuming of the garments, the painting of the face and anointing with oils, tinctures, essences and pomatums.—London Standard.

TRAMPS OF THE SEA.

Their Work In Developing the Ocean Carrying Trade.

There are land tramps and sea tramps, but whereas the former live by the labor of others, the world's business would be in great straits were the latter to be swept from the face of the ocean. While there have practically always been tramp ships since men have sailed the sea, it remained for the Yankee skippers to develop this phase of ocean carrying to its highest degree. Tramping on the ocean is only another name for trading, and many are the stories extant of Yankee skippers swapping beads, mirrors, calico, knives and other trifles for ivory in Africa, and for commodities equally as valuable in other lands.

The tramp steamship came into existence during the war between the states, and it is to this type of vessel that England primarily owes her supremacy on the sea, she having encouraged the building of tramps more than any other nation. In times of peace they add to her prosperity, and where they enjoy a subsidy, as they do in some instances, they are used as transports and other auxiliaries in times of war.

Next to England comes Norway as a nation which encourages sea tramps, and as her maritime laws are more elastic than those of Great Britain, many British tramps are sold to Norwegian owners, who make them pay after they have outlived their usefulness under the British flag.—Marine Journal.

Rook and Crook.

The rook appears to have become the bird whose name stands for swindlers in a distinctly unfair way. At first "rook" meant a dupe, then the verb "to rook" came to mean to cheat, and out of this was evolved "rook," a cheater—a complete topsy turvy process. It is curious that the same thing has not happened to "gull." Here also the verb came from the substantive meaning a dupe, and as the gull strikes one as rather a knowing bird one might have expected the same evolution as in the case of the rook. It should be observed, however, that "gull," a dupe, did not refer specially to the sea gull, the word having formerly meant a young bird of any kind. In Elizabethan English it signified a callow youngster who wished to be thought smart.—London Chronicle.

The Salamander.

In Andrews' "Anecdotes Ancient and Modern" (1789) one reads, "Should a glass house fire be kept up without extinction for a longer term than seven years there is no doubt but that a salamander would be generated in the cinders." This probably accounts for the popular idea that a salamander lives in the fire, a fallacy so far removed from the truth that the curious lizardlike beast so called cannot endure even the heat of the sun, but skulks away under stones to avoid it. It will never lose its reputation for fire eating, though, which lingers still in the heating utensil that is named after it.

Card Marks.

It is conjectured by some writers on the subject that the marks upon the cards designating the four kinds in a pack were originally symbolical and intended to signify the different classes of society. According to this supposition, the hearts represented the clergy, spades the nobility, some old packs of cards bearing a sword or lance head instead of a spade; clubs the serfs and diamonds the burghers or citizen classes.

Sunny People.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap, and if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

A man of integrity will never listen to any plea against conscience.—Tome

ROUSED THE AUDIENCE.

A Mining Camp Melodrama With an Unexpected Climax.

Joseph Jefferson used to say that his career came very near being nipped in the bud in a small western town. He at that time was a member of a small pioneer company which progressed by means of three "hull teams" from one mining camp to another. They were always heartily received by the miners and cowboys, who readily paid the $5 in gold required to witness their performance. Mr. Jefferson was the traditional melodramatic villain and in the third act was supposed to kidnap "the child." The supposed mother, hearing its cries, rushes upon the scene just as he is about to escape and fires a fruitless shot from a revolver.

Upon this particular occasion all had gone well until this scene was reached, and the audience, many of whom had never before seen any kind of theatrical performance, sat as if spellbound. At the crack of the mother's revolver, however, the spell was rudely broken.

"By heaven she missed him!" a red shirted miner in the front row shouted, drawing his own six shooter and leaping to his feet. "Round to the back door and head him off 'fore he can git a hoss, boys!" he yelled, and, following him, half the audience stampeded for the exit.

The excitement was finally allayed by the "mother" and the villain appearing hand in hand before the curtain and the manager's explanation of the situation. When the performance had been concluded the audience insisted on paying another admission price and having an immediate repetition from beginning to end.

QUICKSILVER MINING.

An Occupation That Quickly Dooms the Workers.

The chief quicksilver mines in Europe are in the Spanish town of Almaden, which is an Arabic word, meaning "the mine of quicksilver." These mines were formerly worked by the Iberians and after them by the ancient Romans. Between 1645 and 1843 the Spanish government employed galley slaves in them, an occupation that soon ended in death. The fumes of the mercury produce constant salivation, and the system becomes permeated with the metal.

At first the victim is seized with tremblings, and then the teeth drop out; pains in the bones follow and then death. The annual yield of mercury is 1,500,000 pounds, to produce which 4,000 men are engaged in this unhealthy employment.

After Almaden so far as yield of quicksilver is concerned comes Idria, an Austrian town, twenty-eight miles from Triest. These mines also were once worked by criminals, who, owing to the terrible qualities of the mineral, expired after about two years' service.

There are now nearly 500 miners engaged in the work at Idria. They are induced to enter the mines by high pay. A pension is allowed when they are disabled, and provision is made for their widows and children.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Wager Won.

The following story is told of J. P. Morgan—and possibly of other successful business men as well. For three consecutive days the great financier carried an empty birdcage in his hand to and from his office. On the third day one of his managers ventured to ask why he carried that apparently useless article.

"To see," replied Pierpont Morgan, "if any one would have the impudence to ask me why I did so."

"I beg your pardon," began the inquirer. "I"—

"You needn't do that," said the chief, smiling grimly. "I had a bet with a man that I had at least one employee with some curiosity. I've won the money; but in future don't ask questions about things that don't concern you!"

A Fortunate Chance.

"What I don't ketch on to," said Mose Willerby, "is how ye managed to make that ottermobile feller pay ye thutty dollars fer spillin' a waggin load o' bad eggs. Ye can't spile a bad egg, kin ye?"

"Waal, ye see," said Uncle Jabez, "it come about this way. When the smashup come th' air got so full o' that pesky gasoline that the condition o' them there eggs warn't hardly purr-ceptible."—Harper's.

The Dangerous Germans.

One can never resist a good schoolboy "howler." Here is the latest.

The teacher had been giving a lesson on elementary hygiene, explaining about cleanliness and germs, and so on, and the scholars were asked to write an essay on the subject.

Said one youth: "Dust is a thing that should always be carefully got rid of, as it nearly always contains Germans, which do a lot of harm."—London Answers.

Vice Versa.

Parson—So your husband is sick. Maybe he has been throwing himself too heavily into his work. Mrs. Casey—Not on yure loife! He's been throwing his wu-urk too hivily into him. That's what's the trouble wid him. He's a bartender.—Judge.

Love That Never (Minds) Dyes.

Mrs. Flipp—I wonder if my husband will love me when my hair is gray? Her Friend—Of course he will. He's loved you through three shades of hair already.—Exchange.

Great things are just ahead of you, but you must reach out for them.—Horace Fletcher.

THE ELEVATOR BOY.

In Chicago He Made Rapid Progress In Becoming an Expert.

The first day he is occupied mainly in learning how to run his elevator.

The second day he is so delighted with his position that he makes every effort to give all the information asked of him.

The third day he gets his uniform and begins accustoming himself to telling the passengers to step lively.

The fourth day he learns how to advise anxious inquirers to look at the bulletin board or ask the starter.

The fifth day he is so thoroughly versed in the duties of his position that he can run the car past people who are yelling "Down!" or "Up!" and three floors away from them waft back the gentle admonition to punch the button. Also, he is now able to carry the nervous passengers two floors too far and then refuse to go back.

The sixth day he is an adept and demonstrates it by sliding the door quickly in the face of the man who is a second late, also by stopping the car and dropping a couple of floors to take on the stenographers with huge blond rats, who haughtily omit pressing the button.

He is now a real elevator boy and wonders what right the public thinks it has, anyway.—Chicago Post.

CHEERFUL MENDELSSOHN.

The Pioneer In Good Conducting and the Boy Joachim.

The art of good conducting began with Mendelssohn. The Leipzig Gewandhaus owes the greatness of its orchestra to him. He was a hard taskmaster, but, according to the words of Joachim, he earned the good will and respect of his men by his thorough knowledge, says the Music Magazine.

He was sane and rational, preferring a cheerful mood to gloom. Johann Kruse, formerly second violinist of the Joachim quartet, once told a little story of Mendelssohn's conducting in London, where he was always a favorite.

"Mendelssohn was to bring out the boy Joachim, then about twelve or fourteen years of age," he said. "At that time Joachim played Bach and Beethoven like a master. He began to rehearse the Mendelssohn concert with the orchestra when suddenly with boyish impetuosity he turned to the conductor and said: 'Herr Mendelssohn, I am sure there is a mistake in the orchestration here.'

"The cheerful and sunny Mendelssohn replied, 'Well, this is a good time to correct it, my boy,' and the error was found and corrected."

Two Curious Knives.

When Sheffield first became famous for its cutlery a peculiarly shaped knife, designed for a variety of uses, was made with great care and sent to the agent of the Cutlers' company in London. On one of the blades was engraved the following challenge:

London, for thy life,
Show me such another knife.

The London cutlers, to show that they were equal to their Sheffield brothers, made a knife with a single well tempered blade, the blade having a cavity containing a rye straw two and a half inches in length, wholly surrounded by the steel; yet, notwithstanding the fact that the blade was well tempered, the straw was not burned, singed or charred in the least! It is needless to add that the Sheffield cutlers acknowledged themselves outdone in ingenuity.

Byles on Bills.

Among the humorous memories connected with English judges is one of Justice Byles and his horse. This eminent jurist was well known in his profession for his work on "Bills," and as this gave a fine opportunity for alliteration his associates were accustomed to bestow the name on the horse, which was but a sorry steed. "There goes Byles on Bills," they took pleasure in saying, and as the judge rode out every afternoon they indulged daily in their little joke. But the truth was that the horse had another name, known only to the master and his man, and when a too curious client inquired as to the judge's whereabouts he was told by the servant, with a clear conscience, that "master was out on Business."

The French Imperial Guard.

The Imperial Guard of France was created by Napoleon I. when he became emperor in 1804. It was formed by a merger of the "guards," the "convention," the "directory" and the "consulate." It consisted at first of 9,775 men, but was afterward considerably enlarged. In the year 1809 it was by the emperor's order divided into the old and young guards. In January, 1814, it numbered 102,706. It was dissolved by the Bourbon Louis XVIII. in 1815, revived by Napoleon III., surrendered with Metz to the Germans and was abolished by the government soon after.

Robert Browning.

Of Robert Browning toward the close of his life Frederic Harrison in his memoirs has this to say: "He was all things to all men and all women, always at his best, always bringing light, happiness, generosity and sense into every society he entered. I think him the happiest social spirit whom it has ever been my fortune to meet."

His Retirement.

Friend—I haven't seen you for some time, Poet—No. Fact is I have become a good deal of a recluse lately. Friend—I feared so. How much do you owe?

He that speaks of things that do not concern him shall hear of things that will not please him.—Arabian Proverb.

FLOATING A TOWN AWAY.

Story of the Origin of Commercial Street in Provincetown.

Commercial street in Provincetown had an origin in keeping with its present nautical air and appeal to the imagination. The town originally stood on the spit of sand far out across the harbor, where the lighthouse now is. Many years ago the government bought Provincetown, houses and all in order to protect the harbor from the threatening sea. The Provincetownians went to the government people and asked what they were going to do with the houses.

"Pull 'em down, of course," said the government.

"Can't we have 'em?" inquired the late owners.

"Sure," replied the government, "if you'll take 'em away."

"Sure!" echoed the Provincetownians.

Old wreckers that they were, they applied their technic to the problems of house moving. They bulkheaded their dwellings up, necklaced empty casks about them in the way of life preservers, and one sunny morning the village of Provincetown, true to its maritime traditions, set sail, schoolhouse and all, and came floating gayly across the harbor to where it now stands. Near the railway track today they point out a certain store as the original seafaring schoolhouse.—Metropolitan Magazine.

THE CURIOUS SNAIL.

This Creature Can Live Without Air, Water or Nourishment.

While the snail has lungs, heart and a general circulation and is in every respect an air breathing creature, it can nevertheless exist indefinitely without inhaling the least breath of air, the element that is usually considered the essential to existence in all creatures supplied with lungs.

"To all organized creatures," said Leppert, "the removal of oxygen, water, nourishment and heat causes death to ensue." When that statement was made Leppert did not appear to consider the snail as one among the great host of "organized beings," for experiments by Spallanzani have proved that any or all the usual life conditions can be removed in the case of the snail without terminating its existence or in any way impairing its functions.

The common snail retreats into his shell on the approach of frosty weather, and the opening or mouth of its shell is hermetically sealed by a secretion which is of a silky texture and absolutely impervious to air and water. In this condition it is plain that it is deprived of three of the four elements of life mentioned above—air, water and nourishment.—Harper's Weekly.

Statue With Umbrella.

Some poor art is to be seen in this country in the shape of statues dedicated to the memory of great men, but no American enormity in this line quite equals that which was perpetrated by an English sculptor for the town of Reading. When the fellow townsmen of a certain George Palmer of that place decided to honor his memory they determined upon a bronze statue of Palmer, which should be not merely a portrait as to features, but a correct presentment of him as he appeared among them every day. Accordingly, the stranger in Reading is startled by the most unconventional of statues, with every crease and wrinkle of the homely attire of the original reproduced. To complete the effect the statue is bareheaded, with silk hat and umbrella in hand. It is thought that this is the only instance in which the necessary but not entirely beautiful umbrella has been reproduced in bronze.—New York Sun.

He Fooled Her.

"If you were asked to get ready to start next Thursday on a long journey do you think you could do so?" asked her rich employer, who was a widower.

"Oh, I—much would depend upon the kind of journey it was to be," she replied.

"I mean a pleasant journey—a journey that would last for a month or more."

"And should I have company on the journey?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of that. No, I don't believe you would. I should expect you to go alone."

"Then I don't believe I could get ready," she said turning to her typewriter and making four mistakes in the first line of the letter she had begun.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Melody Becomes Malady.

That persons have very diverse ideas and tastes in music was exemplified in an incident at a pupils' vocal recital lately. A young woman was having quite a struggle with a song and one woman in the audience said to her companion:

"Isn't that a beautiful melody?"

The other looked bored and said: "It sounds more like a malady to me."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Making Her Comfortable.

Host's Youngest—Don't your shoes feel very uncomfortable when you walk, Mrs. Newryche? Mrs. Newryche—Dear me, what an extraordinary question! Why do you ask, child? Youngster—Oh, only 'cos pa said the other day since you'd come into your money you'd got far too big for your boots.

In the Hall of Fame.

"His father is in the hall of fame."

"Why, I didn't know the old gentleman was dead."

"Have to be dead to be in there?"

"Sure."

"Well, he is only in there dusting the busts."

He Aroused Them.

When Samuel S. Colber was preaching in an old log schoolhouse in Johnson county, Missouri, in 1852, his congregation was quite small. One Sunday all were sitting at the desks forward near the puncheon floor. The sermon was monotonous and the old log seats had no backs. Observing the sleepy, downcast look of the congregation, the minister woke them up by shouting, "Arouse, heaven is not under the floor!"

Proof of His Love.

'Arriet (doubtfully)—Bill, you says you loves me, but how do I know it to be true?

Bill (cheerily)—Bust me, 'Arriet! Didn't I stand you a tripe supper, a feed of whilks and a plate of stewed eels? What more d'ye want?—London Globe.

An Exchange of Compliments.

Howell—Your head is pretty thick, Powell—I don't think the inside measurement of yours would be any strain on a tape measure.—New York Press.

Lazy Little Prue.

Sue—Wouldn't you just like to be as happy as a lark? Prue—No, indeed. Think of the time they have to get up.—Lippincott's.

Oh, what men dare do, what men may do, what men daily do, not knowing what they do!—Shakespeare

Monkey Chastisement.

Monkeys do such an astonishing amount of reasoning, sometimes, that it almost frightens us into believing that Darwin was right after all. A short time ago a child, contrary to all orders, put several peppermint drops inside the wire of a monkey cage, in a circus. One of the monkeys sampled one and liked it immensely, but, thinking that another treat was in store at the end of the cage, left the remaining peppermints unprotected for a brief moment. No sooner was his back turned than a mischievous little monkey made way with the candies, and on the owner's return not a peppermint was in sight. The older monkey gravely considered the situation for a few moments, then called the little monkey to him, tested his breath, and spanked him for dear life.

Exonerated.

Indignant Passenger (to railway manager)—Here, I say, I got a cinder in my eye from one of your beastly engines, and it cost me 10 shillings for a doctor to get it out and dress the eye. Now, what do you propose to do in the matter?

Railway Manager—Nothing, my dear sir, nothing. We have no use for the cinder, and you are perfectly welcome to it. No doubt, strictly speaking, you did go off with our property—the cinder of course, was not yours—but we do not care to make a fuss about such a small matter. Pray do not give the incident a moment's thought.

There's the Rub.

"Why is it that you are so strongly opposed to extending to women the right to vote?"

"My wife has become a suffragette."

"Well, what of it? Do you find that she neglects the children or that she isn't paying enough attention to the business of running the house?"

"No, it's not that. She's become so blamed well informed on public matters that I have to keep busy reading all the time in order to prevent her from finding out my ignorance concerning such things."—Judge.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

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Do Not Forget
STRONG
when you need those new
MANTLES AND GLOBES
after housecleaning.
I carry everything in that line at all prices.
E. W. STRONG

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. H. Morrison is visiting relatives and friends in Erie, Pa.

Miss Irma Wells is the guest of friends in Fort Erie, N. Y.

Miss Zela Brasted is the guest of friends in Cleveland, Ohio.

Lyman H. Finney of Bradford was a visitor in town yesterday.

C. W. Taylor of Ceres was a business visitor in town Tuesday

Miss Helen McIntyre of Bradford is the guest of Mrs. M. C. Bain.

Miss Mary Geary left Saturday for a visit with friends in Ridgway.

Miss Genevieve Holmes of Shinglehouse is visiting relatives in town

Mrs. A. M. Thamm of Bradford was visiting relatives in town this week.

Miss Marion Young is visiting relatives and friends in Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss Ella Young of Buffalo is a guest of her mother, Mrs. J. D. Young.

Jack Bowen of Bradford, is visiting at the home of his aunt, Mrs. J. C Backus.

Miss Ruth Hoard left Saturday for Salamanca, where she will spend her vacation.

J. J. Kauffman of Scranton, Pa., is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs G. W. King.

Mrs. Melvin Ferris and daughter, Lucile, of Buffalo, are guests of Mrs. W. B. Hopper.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gifford and children of La Salle, Ill., are visiting their parents in Smethport.

Miss Mary McCabe has returned to Bradford after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Ellen McCabe.

Miss Irene Carpenter of Salamanca, N. Y., is visiting the family of Sheriff M. C. Bain this week.

Miss Anna Norman leaves this week for Chicago where she expects to make her future home.

Mrs. Freeman Chadwick and daughter, Miss Jura, have been spending some time at Chautauqua Lake.

E. B. Sage, Frank Potter, William Gibson and Jas. F. Ginane of Bradford were visitors in town yesterday.

Miss Alberta Hopper of Hornell, N. Y., is visiting at the home of her brother, W. B. Hopper, on Bank street

Mrs. Frances Knapp left Saturday for a visit with relatives and friends in Bradford, Meadville, Titusville and Erie.

Misses Rhea Williams and Ada Prouty of Eldred were the guests of the Misses Freeman, a few days last week.

Mrs. Mary Hussey and grandson, Francis Hussey, returned home last Friday from a visit with relatives in Rixford, Bolivar and Buffalo.

Mrs. Jane N. Forsythe who has been the guest of friends in Detroit and Howell, Mich., for the past three weeks, returned home Monday.

Miss Winifred Roeder of Farmers Valley and her guest, Miss Williams, of Orange, N. J., were Bradford visitors the latter part of last week.

Fred H. Hungerville and Raymond Day were in Buffalo the latter part of the week and brought home a Flanders automobile for the Backus Novelty Co.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield, Dr and Mrs. J. V. McAlpin, Miss Dora Keenan and Miss Ruth Walker returned yesterday from a visit to Chautauqua Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gerrett and daughter of Uniontown, Pa., who have been visiting relatives and friends in Smethport and vicinity, returned to their home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield and Howard and William Brownell returned from Oil City, Friday, where they attended the tennis tournament of the Northwestern Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis association.

Miss Martha Robinson, representative of the State Sunday School association will speak before the Primary department at session of Sunday School at public service, 7:30 Sunday evening, at the Methodist church.

Editor S. R. Lindsley went to Kane on Tuesday and returned home with Mrs. Lindsley, who underwent a serious operation in the Kane Summit hospital six weeks ago. We are pleased to say that Mrs. Lindsley is very much improved in health.

Mrs. William Dennis, and daughter, Miss Margaret, and Mrs. Rose Vetenburg of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who have been visiting at the homes of Mrs. Dennison's sisters, Mrs. Jacob Gonis and Mrs. P. S. Curran, for the past five weeks, will leave for their home Saturday.

(Additional Personals on Page 5.)

Keeping Up Appearances.

"A woman finds a man out after she is married to him," said Mrs. Jangle, bitterly. "Yes," replied her husband, meekly. "But that doesn't give him a chance to lay off the mask. He's got to go on for years trying to keep the children convinced that he is an intelligent and morally responsible person."

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One horse, a good roadster; one top buggy; one cab buggy, nearly new; one cutter, nearly new; saddle harness and robes. Terms cash or approved security. Apply to

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PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to article nine, section four, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizing the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the improvement of the highways of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section four of article nine, which reads as follows:

"Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars," be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, supress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiencies in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars. Provided, however, That the General Assembly, irrespective of any debt, may authorize the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and rebuilding the highways of the Commonwealth.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section seven, article three, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, so as to permit special legislation regulating labor.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment to Article Three, Section Seven.

Section 2. Amend section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension, or impairing of liens:

"Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

"Changing the names of persons or places:

"Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

"Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

"Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

"Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

"Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

"Authorizing the adoption or legitimating of children:

"Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines:

"Incorporating cities, towns or villages, or changing their charters:

"For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

"Granting divorces:

"Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits or school districts:

"Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election and school districts:

"Changing the law of descent or succession:

"Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcement of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

"Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

"Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

"Fixing the rate of interest:

"Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

"Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

"Exempting property from taxation:

"Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing:

"Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

"Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association or individual the right to lay down a railroad track.

"Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

"Nor shall any law be passed granting powers and privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for," so as to read as follows:—

Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension or impairing of liens:

Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

Changing the names of persons or places:

Changing of venue in civil or criminal cases:

Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

Authorizing the adoption, or legitimation of children:

Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines:

Incorporating cities, towns or villages, by changing their charters:

For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

Granting divorces:

Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits or school districts:

Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

Changing the law of descent or succession:

Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for that purpose:

Fixing the rate of interest:

Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

Exempting property from taxation:

Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing; but the legislature may regulate and fix the wages or salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare and safety or persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village, or other civil division of the State, or by any contractor or sub-contractor performing work, labor or services for the State, or for any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village or other civil division thereof:

Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

Nor shall any law be passed granting powers or privileges in any case where the granting of such powers ed for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section three of article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (if the Senate concur), That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section three of article eight, which reads as follows: "All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All the elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for the county, city, ward, borough and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall always be held in an odd-numbered year," so as to read:

Section 3. All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall be held in an odd-numbered year: Provided further, That all judges for the courts of the several judicial districts holding office at the present time, whose terms of office may end in an odd-numbered year, shall continue to hold their offices until the first Monday of January in the next succeeding even-numbered year.

A true copy of Concurrent Resolution No. 3.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, relating to taxation.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"All taxes shall be uniform, upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity," so as to read as follows:

All taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws, and the subjects of taxation may be classified for the purpose of laying graded or progressive taxes, but the General Assembly may, by general law, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE.
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Five.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:

Article IX.

Section 15. No obligations which have been heretofore issued, or which may hereafter be issued, by any county or municipality, other than Philadelphia, to provide for the construction or acquisition of waterworks, subways, under-ground railways or street railways, or the appurtenances thereof, shall be considered as a debt of a municipality, within the meaning of section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania or of this amendment, if the net revenue derived from said property for a period of five years, either before or after the acquisition thereof, or, where the same is constructed by the county or municipality, after the completion thereof, shall have been sufficient to pay interest and sinking-fund charges during said period upon said obligations, or if the said obligations shall be secured by liens upon the respective properties, and shall impose no municipal liability. Where municipalities of counties shall issue obligations to provide for the construction of property, as herein provided, said municipalities or counties may also issue obligations to provide for the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing thereon until said properties shall have been completed and in operation for a period of one year, and said municipalities and counties shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, until after said properties shall have been operated by said counties of municipalities during said period of one year. Any of the said municipalities or counties may incur indebtedness in excess of seven per centum, and not exceeding ten per centum, of the assessed valuation of the taxable property therein, if said increase of indebtedness shall have been assented to by three-fifths of the electors voting at a public election, in such manner as shall be provided by law.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 5.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

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